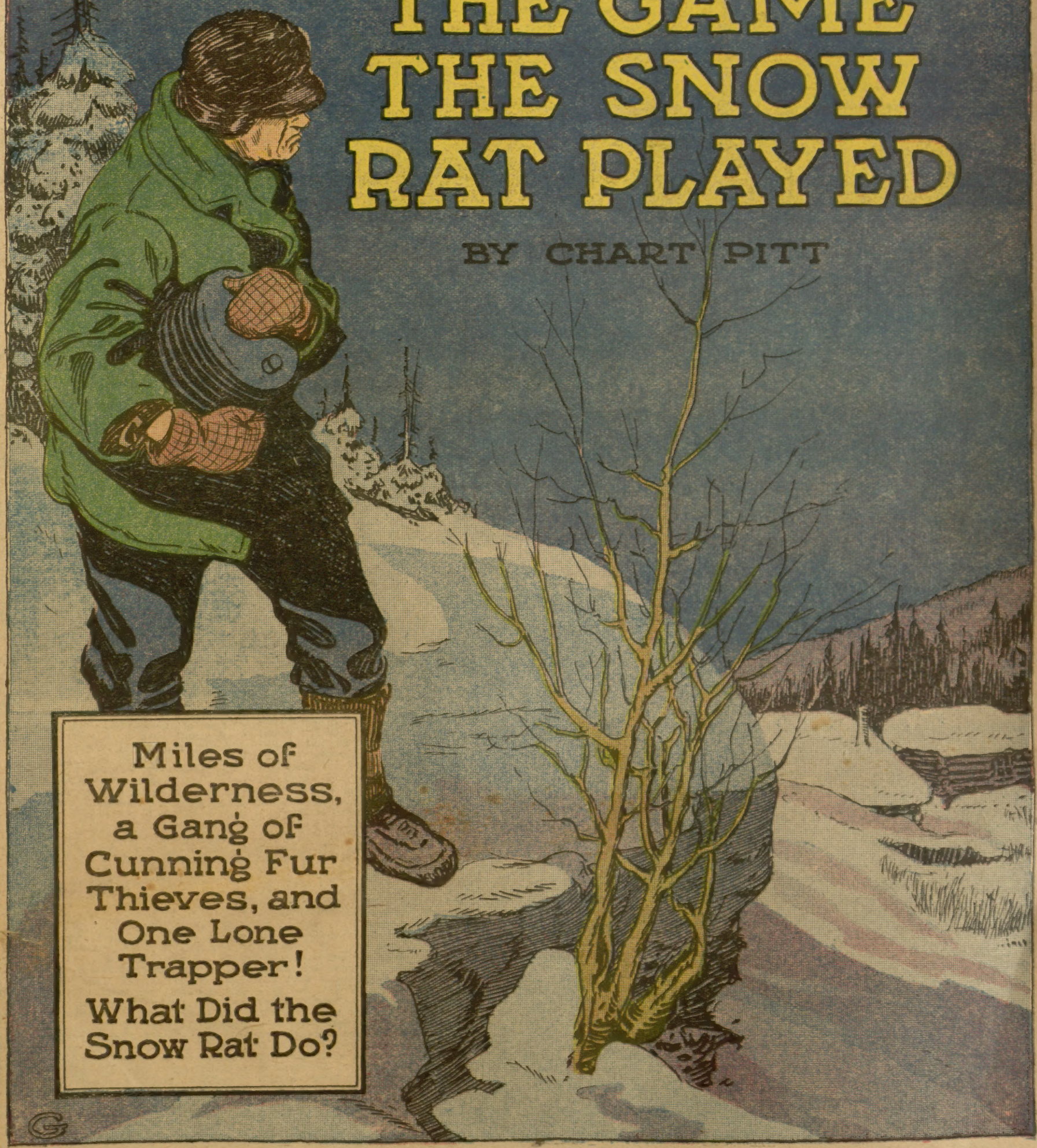
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVII NO. 38. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1919. 5 CENTS A COPY.

THE GAME THE SNOW RAT PLAYED

BY CHART PITT



Miles of Wilderness, a Gang of Cunning Fur Thieves, and One Lone Trapper!

What Did the Snow Rat Do?

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]
VOL. XLVII. SEPT. 20, 1919. NO. 38.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.50 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for eight months, six months 75 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.
Single copies, 5 cents.

BACK NUMBERS.
Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.
For Display, $2.45 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

The Oracle Speaketh.

MY SISTER, dost know that SPECIES of feminine humanity otherwise designated as a CAT? Her name is LEGION and her ways are harder and more HATEFUL than those of a profiteer, for WHEREVER she may be, she maketh SOME woman uncomfortable.

LO, she purreth and stretcheth herself PRETTILY whenever she is the CENTER of ATTRACTION, but let SOME man pay attention to another WOMAN and she spitteth and sheweth her CLAWS.

Even when she doth not know the OTHER woman, she cannot resist the TEMPTATION of belittling her in the EYES of her ESCORT. Didst ever notice, how, when thou art all DOLLED up in thy new georgette and a BECOMING hat and are out walking with THE man, how she giveth thee the ONCEOVER? Hast thou observed that hard, cold look in her EYES, that elevating of EYEBROWS, that slight downward curve of her LIPS?

And thou may not even have a nodding acquaintance with her. Yet doth that uncomfortable FEELING beset thee. Thou wonderest if thy nose is SHINY, whether thy petticoat may be peeping out beneath the hem of thy SKIRT, whether there is a SMUDGE on thy cheek or thy HAT is on AWRY.

Suddenly, thou beginnest to FIDGET, and thy escort wondereth WHAT in the WORLD is the matter with THEE. Then he bethinketh himself of the woman who passed him a few minutes before, and he bemoaneth the fact that thou art not as SELF-POSSESSED as she.

So doth the CAT achieve her victory. Yet it is a thousand fold worse when thou knowest the cat, when she is part and parcel of thy SOCIAL LIFE, for then can she make her CATTINESS even more felt. She it is who NEVER FAILETH to tell thee thy dress is pretty, BUT—— Or, when thou art busily engaged in trying to INTEREST a young man, she wilt SIDLE up to thee and demand an introduction and THEREAFTER monopolize his ATTENTION, until thou art ready to TEAR her to pieces.

But do not WORRY lest she GRAB him off. For a CAT wilt always betray herself. Tho she may be able to ATTRACT a man's eyes unto her face and smiling lips for a LITTLE WHILE, tho he may think her a CUTE TRICK, her SINS wilt find her out. SOME DAY, she wilt display her secret, nasty HABIT of crit'cising and sneering at all OTHER women to him, and he wilt flee as from a DEADLY plague. I have spoken. Farewell.

GENTLE JABS.

More men are ruined by prosperity than by adversity.

When the widow ceases to weep her weeds soon dry up.

No one ever saw a hen-pecked man with a double chin.

A man imagines that he meets a lot of inferiors daily—but he doesn't.

When a woman goes shopping it takes her all afternoon; when she goes buying it takes her only a few minutes.

It is simply impossible to get any month of the year to live up to the magazine poetry that is written about it.

Old shoes are thrown after a newly married couple merely as a reminder that it's up to them to acquire the art of dodging.

THE RETURN

There's a chill in the air, and the murmuring wind
Has an ominous sound today,
And a pensive sadness fills my heart,
And a feeling of dread holds sway.

The plum trees are changing to russet hue.
There are red leaves on the vine;
And there's prodigal waste in the aster's bloom,
In azaleas and columbine.

The dahlias are bowing their heads in prayer,
And the lilies in stately file,
Seem to plead with Time just to tarry a bit,
And the Summer to linger awhile.

The fragrant breath of the mignonette
Fills the shimmering summer air;
And the waxen stars of the sweet tube-rose
Scatter incense rich and rare.

"O Summer, tarry, tarry awhile,"
All things seem trying to say,
And my heart cries out in sudden dread
"O Summer, Summer stay."

For my lover has come from o'er the sea,
From a land of suffering and woe;
And happiness now is all I ask,
And his kisses all I know.

My heart runs riot when he is near,
Like the prodigal aster's flower,
And richer by far is my life in love
Than in princess' priceless dower.

After the anguish of bitter days,
And the waiting and hopeless despair,
He has come again with the song of birds
And the fruitage and flowers fair.

So I plead with Time to tarry a bit,
And the Summer to linger awhile,
While I bask in the light of my soldier's love
And the sunshine of his smile.

—ISABEL LIKENS GATES.

The Editor Makes a Strange Experiment

THE Editor, some years ago, noticed that sometimes a great run of blonde heroines took place in the stories which he publishes, and at other times black-haired, brown-eyed beauties predominated as the leading feminine characters. In fact, it became rather annoying at times when he had to make several changes in his line-up of material in an issue to prevent it coming forth replete with yellow-haired goddesses or else filled with brunette girls from cover to cover. He felt, somehow, that there were men readers of the Ledger who liked dark girls instead of blondes, and also that some of the women readers who were themselves dark did not care to read of nothing but likable, sweet women whose hair was the color of the dried corntassle and whose eyes were turquoises.

In order to ascertain the cause of this periodical deluge of blondes and avalanche of brunettes, we—and this refers to the whole Ledger staff—made an examination of a great number of stories written by some of our popular Ledger authors. Lo and behold!—we discovered a surprising thing. Jones—we're using this name merely as an example—had for years been making the heroine of each one of his stories a brunette, and Brown—again a "made-up" name—was turning out nothing but blondes. Hence, when we got the wrong combination of authors in an issue, we had either a golden-yellow tinge to the magazine or else an atmosphere which smacked of the Latin races.

It was about this time that a learned professor of psychology—psychology is the science of the workings of the human mind—dropped into the office to chat with us. Taking up this matter of heroines, which we had broached to him, he explained the matter to us. Said he: "A writer is a creator, and when he tries to describe an altogether attractive woman—one that he thinks is going to appeal to all his readers—he describes the woman that would appeal to him, if she actually existed. In other words, he paints what, so far as he is concerned, is an ideal woman, blindly ignorant of the fact that she may not be quite the type that appeals to each and every one of his readers. Hence Jones is vainly creating over and over an imaginary woman whom he wishes existed, and Brown is doing the same. But it's a different woman in Brown's case."

He paused. "You will note, I'll warrant, if you examine Jones' and Brown's stories, that the women who play parts that are not pleasant to the readers—consorts of unpleasant characters; villainesses, to use a crude term—vary from every shade to every type; it is only in the lovable woman, the heroine, that Jones and Brown run strongly to the one type. And furthermore, they are not conscious that they do this."

Sure enough, a further examination by the Ledger staff into Jones' and Brown's past stories revealed the fact that they had painted every possible type of woman so long as she was not the one lovable character in the story.

We pondered over the words of this learned professor of psychology for a good many moons. Not long after, a story by Jones contained a woman who was so like another in a story to appear in the same issue that we asked him to go over his yarn and change her to another type. He did so, with the result that he made a botch of it. Jones simply couldn't describe and make real and likable a woman who did not appeal to him personally.

Realizing that we were face to face with the eccentricities of what is called Genius, we juggled our authors very carefully for a long time after. It was about this time that A. B. C. Smith—no, we're not giving any real names in this little revelation—one of the popular Ledger authors, handed us in a story revolving about a very lovable young woman. Like Smith's past stories, she had dark hair and very big brown eyes. She was slim and small in stature. She dressed in black. She had some peculiar mannerisms of style and conduct, one of which was that she used to stammer just a wee bit under the stress of emotion or excitement. And not long after, Miss Aline Bronson—again a fictitious name; we can't relate the full details—the sister of one of our editors, dropped into the office to see her relative. She had just arrived from San Francisco. Somebody commented upon the fact that Miss Bronson, in the way she acted, looked, dressed and apparently thought, was the exact duplicate of the heroine in A. B. C. Smith's latest Ledger story. And yet Miss Bronson had never seen A. B. C. Smith in her life, and A. B. C. Smith didn't know that Miss Bronson existed.

It was too good a chance for an experiment to be overlooked. The dark plot was laid by the Ledger staff. A. B. C. Smith and Miss Aline Bronson, quite innocent each of them as to what was to take place, were brought together in an "accidental" meeting in the Ledger offices. The meeting worked out with uncanny smoothness. A. B. C. Smith didn't "fall" in love with Miss Bronson, for the reason that he had been in love with her imaginery duplicate long before he met her. Hence he was in love with her before the meeting.

The other day we received cards announcing their marriage.

Now the question remains: Did we, who got up this unique experiment, deserve a medal for the advancement of science? Or instead, were we simply tampering with what should be the work of Fate instead?

Our conscience troubles us greatly. And the other members of the staff look shamefaced. The bringing together of two people exactly fitted for each other in life is not the work of crusty editors experimenting in scientific theories the result of which appears now to be as sure and certain and foregone as betting on a race in which every horse except the winner is to be "pulled." And it looks as tho we've got to buy twice as many stories now from A. B. C. Smith because we're the cause of his having two to support instead of one.

But, readers, congratulate yourselves. A. B. C. Smith writes even more compelling and absorbing yarns than before, since he's met his Lady Fair. And what the Ledger won't buy other magazines will. Just now we're wondering if we couldn't start a matrimonial bureau for authors, guaranteeing results absolutely. For, in the parlance of the old Mississippi river boat gamblers, the cards, so far as the author is concerned, are "stacked!"

The Editor.

Chart Pitt:
His Autobiography

I AM a product of the Wisconsin woods, vintage of 1878. My life-cord has twisted a bit in the unwinding—and God willing, I'll tangle it a bit more before I die.

There are a few of my footprints scattered around in the Alaskan snows—and several fish in the sea that know the taste of my hook. Been a hunter and trapper all my life—began on rats. Of late, it's editors I'm baiting.

I have hunted gold, and had the pleasure of not finding it. Took a close-up look at the cow-camps; and got so I knew a thousand sheep by their first names.

For the last nine years, have been a light keeper, sitting alone thru the night-watches, keeping the beacon burning, that those who go down to the sea in ships, may return again. It's the thunder of surf, and the flying spray—and the gauzy things they make dreams of, that hold me there.

Am willing to try anything once—sometimes twice. Have studied the hobo in his own camps. Perhaps you think you know the breed because you have fed a few hundred of them out of your kitchen window; or passed out silver two-bit pieces to them on some street corner? But the "rider of the road" is a wise bird, and the tales he tells—well, he's something of a fictionist himself.

But ride the road with him a few thousand miles, eat with him, and help him curse the train crews. And then some night, as you sit shivering beside a fire of condemned cross-ties, Mr. Tramp will open up his soul to you—and what a soul! It is worth going far to see.

But please don't try to write him up unless you need the money real bad, for you are not going to be proud of your job when it is finished. The tramp is a common figure in fiction—a stage figure, and the likes of him never walked the roads of this earth. Jack London knew tramps—I'll say he did. But he never to my knowledge got a real one on paper—it just seems it can't be did. It is an illusive element, real as death and as unlovely. But the minute you try to imprison it in cold type it dies a violent death.

Stories, poems and plays have been woven about the gypsy, and the long road's call. Beggars, knaves and thieves have run riot thru the meadows of fiction. Adventurers have inspired more worth-while stories than anything or anybody else on earth. But the real tramp is all these—and more.

He is the Great Adventurer—a blood-brother to the wandering minstrel of old. But instead of peddling music and song for his keep—it's fiction—that hard luck yarn he handed you when he touched you for the price of a feed.

Some of my richest adventures have come from the road and its riding. One night I was routed out of my bed in a boxcar, to the sound of whistles gone

(Continued on Page 26.)

The GAME the SNOW RAT PLAYED

BY CHART PITT

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

THE winter night had tightened its grip upon the northern wilderness. Close beside the frozen Slave, the trading post was waiting for the coming of the spring—and the battle for the harvest of the fur lands. The squat log buildings were half buried among the drifts. But within the factory a cheery fire was burning, and Tom Murry, the singing factor of the Slave, was brooding in its red reflections.

He had grown weary of his rollicking Irish songs, and was moodily sucking at his black pipe. For twenty years he had ruled along the lonely river, and no man had been able to dispute his right to the matchless skins that found their way to market thru his hands. But of late, things had not been going as they should—and the factor was faced by the hard facts that he was growing old—and the unspoken conviction that some day not far distant he would be forced to stand aside and let younger blood have its chance.

Outside, a thin, dry wind was whining among the spruces. An owl sounded its drunken laugh from across the river, where the rival fur-post also was waiting for the harvest to begin. Then over the night-voices of the wilderness came a new sound; something that shook the singing factor from his morbid reflections. It was the squeak of sled-runners on the frozen snow. There came the sound of a drawling voice outside, the protesting yap of a weary sledge-dog, and the crunch of feet approaching the house.

Lean knuckles rapped their tattoo upon the door. The singing factor slipped his hand upon something that bulged beneath his mackinaw before he answered the challenge. The door swung open at the word, and a long, lean man stooped his head as he shuffled into the room.

The newcomer was a stranger to the singing factor, and in these days of the fur-war a man who was not a known friend was more than likely to be an enemy. Neutrals there were none, in that land of the trap and gun. But Tom Murry offered him a seat by the fire, and asked the universal question of the wilderness.

"Been to supper, stranger?"

"Got a place for my dog?" the man ignored the invitation that had just been given. "Babe is getting old like you and me—and we had to pull the sled all by ourselves, since them robbers made away with her pups."

Then he straightened his stooped shoulders, and a fleck of fire crept into his purposeless gray eyes. "I was heading for the South—but I've changed my mind. I'm going to camp right here on the Slave till I clean them pirates out root and branch—or my name ain't Slackwater Bill."

The singing factor bounded to his feet like a flash, and his hairy hand clutched the lean claw of the stranger.

"So you're Slackwater are you—the man who turned down a factor's job over on the Nelson—and went out into the Barren Grounds to become a snow-rat?"

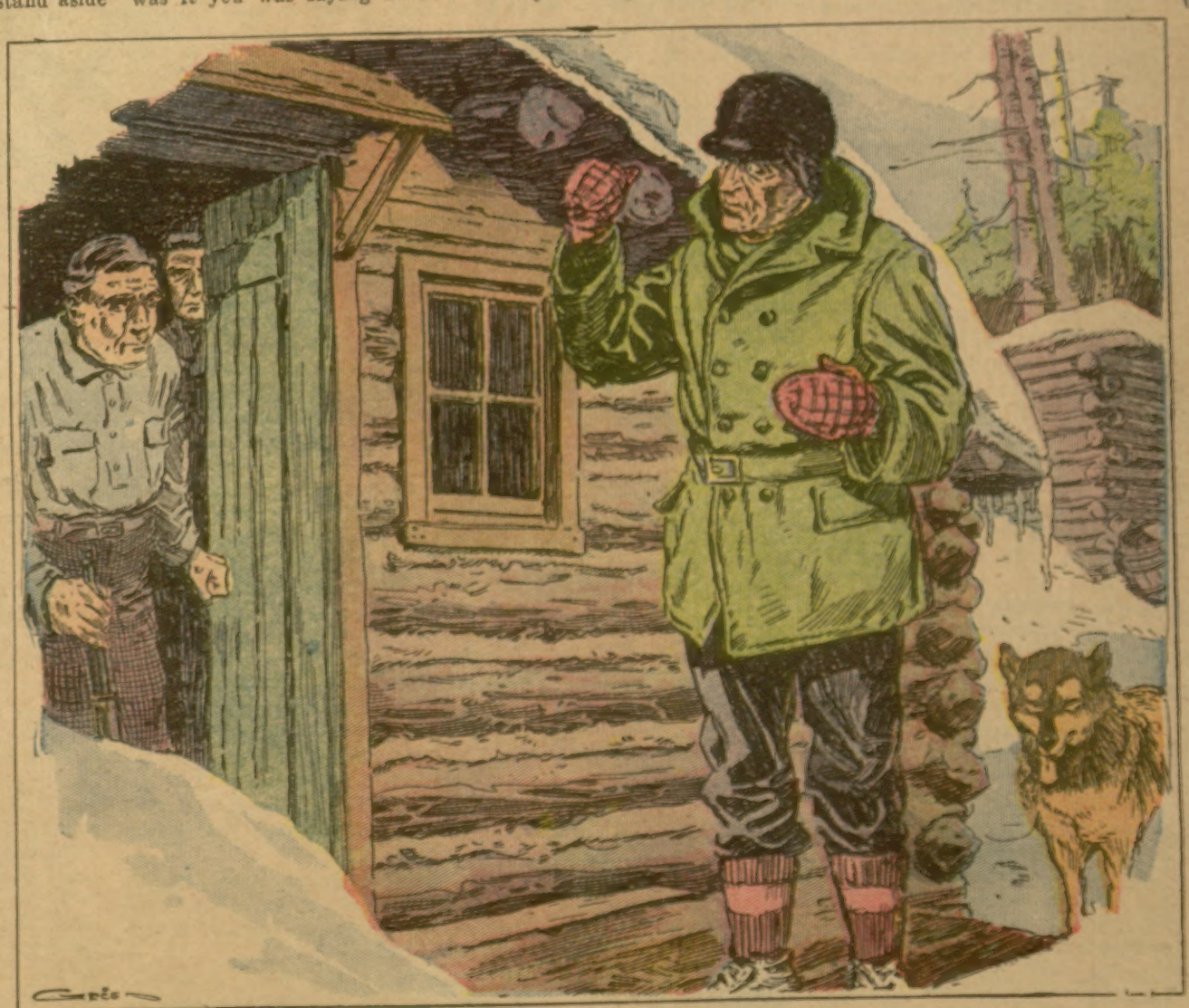
The tall man narrowed his eyes reflectively. "You seem to have the goods on me, stranger—but I don't recollect ever having met you before?"

"You never did," Tom Murry laughed. "But your reputation has traveled farther than you have—guess you was the first and last man who was fool enough to turn down a factor's job. I've been hoping I'd run across you—wanted to ask you how you came to do a thing like that."

Slackwater Bill lifted his grizzly head. His languid pose fell from him. Once more he was a man among men—an animal among the flesh-eating creatures of the northern wilderness.

"Freedom," he said with the force and directness of a pistol-shot. "God made the wild goose and he keeps her on the go—and I guess he had something to do with making me what I am."

The singing factor passed the tobacco. "I had an idea it was something like that. Now what was it you was saying about somebody stealing your dogs?"



The Door Was Opened and a Voice Bellowed: "You Get to Hell Out of Here—and Keep Out."

"I said I'd moved in on the Slave—and I'm going to stay till I clean out them robbers—and I want a place where my dog can sleep by the fire."

"I've got a sneaking suspicion you've been fooling around with them fellows over at the new fur post—and got stung?" Murry grinned. "But that's a little way they have—seem to be able to get fur for a song—and make the trappers sing the song themselves. They're clever, Bill—you got to admit that yourself."

"They wasn't clever enough to get my furs—curse their ornery hides," he snarled in his scraggly beard. "I got the best bundle of black fox that ever came out of the Barren Lands."

"Black boys, eh?"

"Blacker than the streets of hell," Bill gloated. "That's how the trouble started. They wanted them for a song—but Slackwater and his dogs hadn't starved in the Barrens for nothing—and I told them so."

"What's all the kick about if you've got your skins?" the singing factor was trying to get the thing straightened out in his mind.

"They charged me for board—damn 'em," Bill exploded. "They wasted two weeks of good weather haggling about prices, and then when the big storm came they told me I couldn't get out of the country with them, so I'd better take their offer."

"Sort of had you in a corner, eh?"

"Corner nothing. I told them me and the dogs had brought them skins clear from Dismal Lake in the heart of the Great Barren—and I sort of reckoned we could tote them a few miles farther, even if it was getting late in the season. It's always late in the season up there where I came from."

"Thought they could bluff you out, eh?" the singing factor sympathized.

"They wasn't bluffing—they thought they had a pat hand—and they pretty near did. For what do you suppose them grave-robbers had framed up? Just when I had my sled all loaded and was harnessing the dogs, they comes out and seizes the two pups for board money—and leaves me and old broken-down Babe to get out of the country the best we could."

"That's a rich one—a boarding-house on the Slave." The singing factor roared his delight. "We sure have got some enterprising neighbors across the river."

"Do Babe and I get an invitation for a week or so—we're almost out of grub—and we got a return engagement on the Slave?"

"Sure you can stop," the factor grinned. "But

ain't it a bit risky, Bill? I'll probably seize your fox-skins for board-money before I get thru with you."

"I reckon the Hudson Bay Company would have something to say about that," Slackwater drawled. "Guess I know a thing or two about that bunch of 'gentlemen adventurers' or they wouldn't have been offering me that post over on Nelson River. But I'll never sleep another night in a free-trader's roost."

"All right, Bill—bring the old lady in by the fire—but no fleas, mind you—the Hudson's Bay Company keep open house for trappers and their dogs—but they draw the line at fleas."

SLACKWATER went for the dog.

The singing factor called his assistant in from where he was busy with the reports. "Rig up some supper for that old snow rat—he's been living up in the Barrens so long he's forgotten what real grub tastes like."

"Sounds like he was sort of nutty, from what I could hear," Noel Voyer whispered.

"Sure he's crazy; who wouldn't be, living up there in that jumble of rock-hills and tundra—with no one to talk to but wolf-dogs? But we're going to like him, Noel—a fellow who thinks about the comfort of his dog, can't be very bad."

"About the best credentials he could bring," there was a softness in the clerk's voice, and a sparkle in his eyes, that marked him as a dyed-in-the-wool wilderness man—and a lover of dogs, too.

But when Slackwater returned with his bundle of furs there was nothing on the surface to indicate that these two men were any different from the usual brand of traders of the north, who always drove as sharp a bargain as possible. Both men started to their feet as they caught sight of that bundle of silky blackness. It would take care of the snow rat in his old age if marketed right. No wonder he had been willing to fight for it.

But even the fox-skins could not keep their eyes away from the animal that slunk along at the old man's heels. Once it had been a giant wolf-dog, but now there was little left but the bones and hide. The large eyes that gleamed out of her shrunken face were as hopeless and melancholy as those of her master. It was the mark of the Barren Grounds, a brand she sears upon all living things that dare invade her desolate snows.

Lean Knuckles Rapped Their Tattoo Upon the Door.

Slackwater waved a long arm toward the yellow skeleton behind him. "This is Babe—she feels sort down at the mouth over losing her pups. She kept whining about it all the way over—but I promised her we was going back."

The factor motioned for Noel to feed the dog. She ate the food in great gulps. But the hungry look did not leave her eyes.

The fox-skins were spread out for inspection. Even Old Slackwater, who had pawed them over till he could tell each one by the feel of it, grew excited about his treasures.

"What did the Meyers bunch offer you?" the factor shot the question to the old man.

But Bill was on his guard. "Guess again," he countered warily. "You go ahead and make an offer—if it's too low, I'll tell you."

"I know you've set a price on them—done it a hundred times beside your turf-fire, like a miser counting his gold. It won't make a cent's difference with my offer—I want to see what sort of a fur-grader you be."

Slackwater Bill looked sharply at the singing factor. Then he began naming prices for each skin.

"Of course that was up there in the Barrens," he explained. "Before I knew black fox had fallen off in the London market."

"You show him where to put them in the fur-room, Noel. When you get back we'll have a smoke and a talk." The singing factor was smiling broadly.

WHEN Slackwater returned, Murry was crooning one of his tireless songs, singing out of one corner of his mouth, so as not to disturb the operations of his black pipe.

"Suppose you want to get back to the South, and spend your roll—dead set on going, in fact?" Tom abandoned his song long enough to question.

"Hell, no," Slackwater snorted. "Didn't I tell you I was going to get that bunch across the river before I left?"

"Let's see—how much has the market fallen off on black fox? I wonder how much you would stand?" the factor squinted into the fire and chuckled.

"They said fifty per cent—but I never knew them to be more than twenty-three off. So I wouldn't stand for more than twenty-five to make it safe."

"That would leave the skins worth three hundred apiece," the clerk spoke up. "You got fifteen of them—that makes four thousand five hundred dollars, according to your own figures."

The singing factor did not take up the cue. He sat staring into the fire, as tho the fur-trade was nothing to him. It seemed that he had forgotten the old snow rat entirely; that his heart was back in the homeland, where the little poverty stricken villages dotted the evergreen hills, and blue peat smoke floated in the air, like the gauzy breath of fairies. But presently he looked up.

"Bill, I'm going to tell you the truth—and lose six thousand dollars for the company. You'll probably think I'm a fool—but I think you were a fool to turn down that factor's berth over on the Nelson—so we're square all around. But I'm going to tie a string to my offer—you got to stay and help me fight that Meyers bunch. It's your scrap as well as mine, anyway."

"Sure it is," Bill agreed. "You use Babe and me like white men, and we'll put up a fight that'll take your breath away—won't we, Babe?"

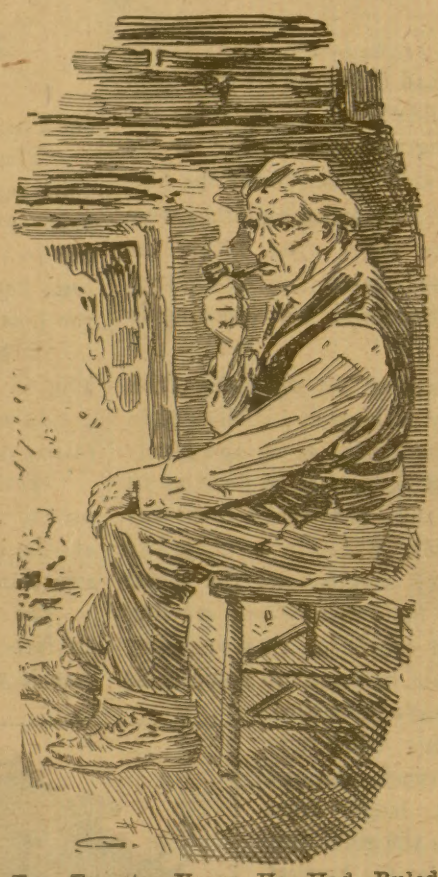
The wolf-dog drummed her tail on the floor by way of answer, revealing the fact that there was a strain of hound-dog in her somewhere.

"Black fox is fifty per cent on—instead of off," the singing factor shot the news at him.

Slackwater Bill did not seem to comprehend. His mouth opened and closed several times, but he said nothing. His eyes reflected the lonely agony of the years he had spent up there in the desolate Barrens.

"A good black fox from the down river country is worth six hundred today. Them Barren Land fellows ought to be worth seven. But I won't give you more than six before I get returns on them—and you've got to work for me till spring. They don't allow me to hire extra help, but you'll get your keep, and the best rebate on the skins I can give you."

"I'll work for you till next trap-season—and you'll find that Babe and me will earn our keep," the old man assured him. "We'll have to lay low for a while and let things cool down. Meanwhile we will be doing some hard thinking. Babe and I will think up some scheme when the time is ripe."



For Twenty Years He Had Ruled Along the Lonely River

"I have the plans all worked out now," the factor lowered his voice, and hitched closer to the snow rat. "I'll furnish the money to pay that board-bill. You offer them the money and demand your dogs. Of course they'll refuse, and then that will be a case for the Northwest Mounted Police."

"You'll have to go along for witness—them fellows have got the edge on me when it comes to telling lies."

"They'd smell a rat the first thing, the factor objected. "You aim to get there soon after daylight, and do your talking outside—and Noel and I will be in that little thicket just above their camp."

"I see you ain't as sleepy as you look," Slackwater cackled in high key.

"But we ain't going to put all our eggs in one basket," Murry continued to unfold his plans: "I've got a foolish ambition to beat them at their own game—and I want you to be ready to spread that story about the black-fox skins as soon as the fur starts to come in—spread it far and wide. Meanwhile I'll send out for the Mounted."

"That's me," Slackwater offered his hand to the singing factor. "I'd like to go over there and clean them out good and proper—but I wouldn't have a show with them. They're a tough looking quartet, and loaded for bear. Of course I could go up in the thicket and get them one at a time—but there's some things a white man won't do."

They smoked a last pipe, and went to bed to sleep as honest men can. The company would make a reasonable profit on the fox-skins—and for the old snow rat it was like finding a gold mine.

THE next morning as the two old men were lingering over their coffee, Noel came tearing in, his face white with rage, his black eyes snapping fire.

"Somebody broke into the fur-house last night—and all the fox-skins are gone."

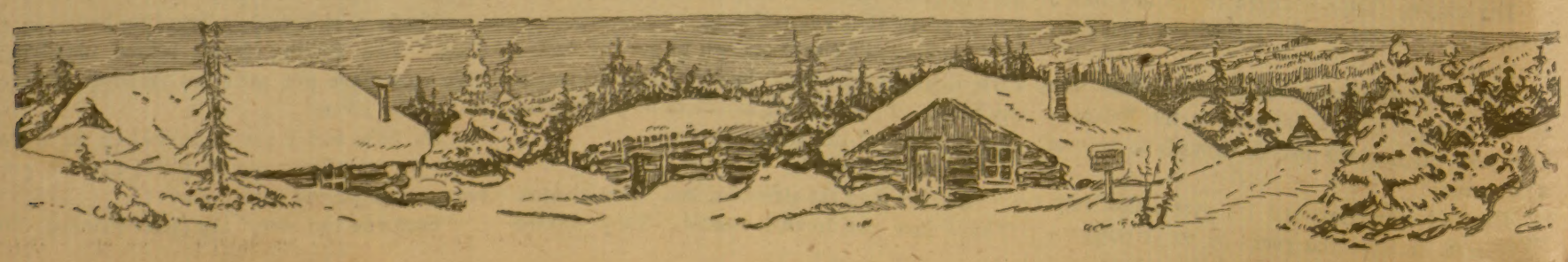
The three men rushed back to the lean-to storeroom. They found that a tunnel had been dug thru the drifts, and that the thieves had burrowed under the logs of the building and had broken a hole thru the puncheon floor. The fifteen Barren-grounds fox-skins were gone, and with them ten others that had been in the fur-room.

"Guess we won't need to bother about getting evidence on them now—I'll start an Indian out for Fort Chippewayn just as soon as he can get his dogs harnessed."

"I think it's time to start something ourselves?" Slackwater suggested.

"It won't do, Bill. Times ain't what they used to be when you was with the Company over on the Nelson. If they'd give me a free hand I'd have that nest of weasels burned out before sunset—they're

(Continued on Page 16.)



THE TRAP

By Wilson Clay Missimer

A detective tries to "frame" a crook, whom he cannot convict legitimately. The crook is clever and surprises multiply when the trap is sprung.

[Copyright by Short Story Pub. Co.]

ECOLE CHATAINE walked into Doctor Stacey's consulting room.

"Ah, Mr. Chataine, we meet again," Doctor Stacey smiled, holding out his hand. "I hope your mission is more pleasant than the last in which we met."

Chataine raised his piercing black eyes and smiled. "Far more pleasant," he said. He sat down. "I have come, Doctor, to ask your aid."

"Indeed." Stacey watched him sharply.

"Doctor, you are a member of the Mohaning Club?" Chataine began.

Doctor Stacey nodded.

"Do you know Rogers H. Harrison, the millionaire?"

"I do."

"Then you can help me. Every Saturday evening Rogers H. Harrison spends his time at the club—usually gets very much under the influence of liquor. By 1 o'clock he is generally in such a condition that he has to be taken home. Will you, Doctor, as a favor to me, be at the Mohaning Club Saturday evening and will you, please, escort Rogers H. Harrison not home, but to these apartments of yours where I will be waiting for you?"

Doctor Stacey's brows lowered and his eyes for a second seemed to bore thru the detective. Chataine went on. "When we have Mr. Harrison here, you can take his keys, Doctor and perform another little favor for me." Chataine rubbed his hands together craftily. "A certain woman in this city, some years ago, carried on an indiscreet flirtation with this man, Harrison. She wrote him some letters and now wants them back. These letters are kept in Harrison's own room, on the second floor of his mansion and are secreted in a desk there.

"Now, Doctor, you can aid me immensely. Take Harrison's latch key, let yourself into his house, go to his room and bring me those letters. They are in a packet, written on blue paper. Apprehension is very unlikely. Harrison's wife and daughters are abroad and the house is nearly depleted of servants. The thing's dead easy. For your trouble I will pay you a thousand dollars—a portion of the amount I am to receive for rendering this service to this lady."

"But why, Chataine——" Doctor Stacey began and then stopped suddenly. His brows came together in a straight line. He began drumming on his desk with his fingers.

His expression at that moment was a study. It may have told everything or nothing. Certainly the faintest shadow of a smile played about his thin lips. Twice he flashed his handsome eyes upon Chataine as tho he might have represented some enigma.

"All of which, Chataine, is rather queer, is it not?"

"Granted, my dear Doctor," Chataine smiled. "Yet the service you may render will be stupendous."

"No doubt. I'll think it over, Chataine. Entering other men's houses at dead of night is not in my line. I am a physician. Just why, Chataine, do you come to me for this—ah—service?"

"First, because you are a member of the Mohaning Club; second, because you are a physician and as such are capable of administering some potion to Harrison when you get him here that will insure his total unconsciousness as long as we desire it."

"Very good. And the letters are——"

"In Harrison's sleeping apartments, second floor, the front room on the right of the hall. I will procure a flash for you—and say, a pistol—in case something goes wrong you could bluff your way out. Eh, what do you say?"

Stacey mused. Inwardly, he was both laughing and boiling. Outwardly, he was calm and cool.

"The desk may be locked."

"In which case you open it. Remember, you will have Mr. Harrison's bunch of keys."

"To be sure; I quite forgot," Stacey smiled. He frowned and appeared to be thinking over some new turn.

"By the way, Chataine, could not a servant do this little trick for you? They can be bribed to do almost anything."

"Servants talk, Doctor. Here we must have the utmost secrecy."

"Quite true. While I am on my mission to the house, you will stay here with Harrison—is that the scheme?"

"Exactly. He may come to—your man may discover him—a hundred incidents could occur."

"Quite true," the doctor acquiesced. "So the game is, I am to go to the Mohaning Club, attach myself to the crowd which Mr. Harrison is patronizing and when he gets heavily intoxicated I am to offer my services to him as an escort and take him here—instead of to his house. That right?"

"Exactly."

"Then I am to leave him here with you, take his keys, repair to his mansion, get the letters and return to you."

"And both of us will conduct Mr. Harrison home and put him into his house. Yes, sir."

"I see. Chataine, as a favor to you, I'll do it. It smacks of adventure." They shook hands and consumed ten or fifteen minutes discussing details.

When Chataine had gone and Doctor Stacey was once more alone, he sat down at his desk and laughed.

"What a great brainless fool Chataine is," he mused. "My dear Doctor Stacey," he continued, addressing himself, "do you see the trap? Ecole Chataine, French criminologist, has traced my career. He knows I am the gentleman who has been preying upon the fraudulent rich, who has been relieving them of their superfluous wealth in the way of jewels; he is sure—he knows, but he lacks that one all-important thing, evidence. So he prepares a trap for me. At the Harrison mansion I will be apprehended in the act of searching the millionaire's desk and I will be taken into custody and imprisoned. Thus, without evidence from my former career, he incarcerates me. Clever—clever, but weak, damnably weak. Why Chataine, you brainless fool, can't you see the paper walls in your plan? When I bring Mr. Rogers H. Harrison here, why should I repair to Harrison's house and get the letters? Why cannot you, Chataine, go? There, my dear detective, is where you gave yourself away. And yet, Chataine, I am going to do it—merely to teach you a lesson. Let me see. What says the Scripture: 'The pit he has digged for others he has fallen into himself.' How droll that will be, Chataine."

He rose to his full height. "So you would imprison me, hey? All right. Look well to yourself—for out of this trap you have prepared, Chataine, will come trouble for you."

From a Side Pocket He Produced a Pearl Necklace, Brooches and Some Jewelry of Lesser Importance.

SATURDAY evening at 9 o'clock Doctor Stacey entered the Mohaning Club. It was a wonderful club, the most exclusive in the city. The place was tolerably well occupied with members. Stacey walked casually thru room after room, nodding, bowing, pausing to exchange a word here, there. In a card room on the second floor he came across Rogers H. Harrison, the millionaire, playing auction.

Harrison was a large man of aristocratic bearing. He had gray hair, blue eyes, a firm, thin-lipped mouth and square chin.

He, himself, beckoned to Stacey.

"Doctor—good evening. We need a fourth at auction. Will you play?"

Stacey's eyes met those of the millionaire in a searching stare; there was nothing suspicious in his action. Stacey studied him quickly in those few seconds. Certainly, if this man of money was in on the deal, he was not betraying the fact. Yet in an hour's time Stacey decided he was in on it—knew of the plot afoot to catch a thief. He could imagine the species of story Chataine had fabricated for the gentleman. Without doubt, the detective had averred that information of an intended robbery had fallen into his hands and he had instrusted Harrison on a plan of procedure without telling whom he suspected. Stacey was sure of this last point. Certainly, if Harrison suspected that he was this wonderful gentleman burglar who had made a reputation thruout the town, he would have undoubtedly betrayed it in some way.

Stacey noted before play had been on an hour that Harrison was not imbibing with his usual unslakable thirst, and it was to the doctor's advantage to see that the millionaire was as far "under the weather" as possible. So he himself began to urge that worthy gentleman who, after attempting to drink conservatively, broke entirely. By 12 o'clock he was a useless hand at auction and escorted to an arm chair in a corner, where he dozed heavily.

Doctor Stacey had informed Chataine that he would return with his charge at 1 a. m. Now at 12:10, he arose and announced to the other gentlemen that he'd see Mr. Harrison safely home. At 12:15, he and Harrison, arm-in-arm, left the club.

The Harrison mansion was but a stone's throw from the club house and Doctor Stacey and his almost helpless friend covered the distance in almost ten minutes. Stacey smiled and chuckled to himself. "Before we return to you, Chataine, we will first make a visit to the Harrison mansion. This, my dear Chataine, is where we begin to outwit you." Thus the doctor mused.

The Harrison mansion loomed dark and forbidding in the darkness of the night, some distance back from the street. Doctor Stacey secured the millionaire's keys and helped the drowsy Harrison to a chair on the veranda and left him.

Doctor Stacey approached the door and examined the lock. He chuckled. He selected a key from the millionaire's ring and inserted it. The lock yielded. The doctor removed the key and produced a bunch of his own. He tried key after key, finally finding one that fitted. Again he chuckled. Noiselessly he entered.

Somewhere on the second floor, alert, watching, listening, was Chataine's accomplice, waiting. But Doctor Stacey did not go to the second floor. He proceeded noiselessly down the hall and entered a room.

Here, for just a second, the doctor switched on his pocket flash. The place was a sort of study and against the wall stood a safe. Instantly the doctor shut off his flash. He stepped to the safe, bent down, placed his ear close to the combination and with his fingers began turning the disc.

He worked slowly, painstakingly. He was listening to the falling of the lock's tumblers. When one dropped into place he reversed the disc and turned slowly. It was tedious work, but the doctor knew his business. He understood combination locks as well as the men who invented them. Slowly he turned the disc, forward then backward. At last he heard the bolts shoot. He pulled open the doors and grinned in the dark.

Again, for just a few seconds, he used his flash. Account books, documents and papers, were arranged neatly in several separate pigeon holes. A small closed compartment the doctor pried open with a small jimmy. Here he found some jewels which he quickly pocketed. Several brooches, a pearl necklace, and trinkets of lesser importance comprised the selection.

The doctor pulled out books, papers, documents, and scattered them on the floor. Then, leaving the safe door open, he retreated. He reached the front door, opened it and found the millionaire Harrison as he had left him, dozing in his chair. He got him to his feet and helped him from the veranda. In twenty minutes they arrived at the doctor's office. It was just 1 a. m.

AS DOCTOR STACEY and his charge turned into the walk leading to the office doors, a man stepped out of the shadows and held a whispered conversation with the doctor.

"He's there—waiting," he told Doctor Stacey. "I've kept a good watch, sir. He searched your desk twice and even wandered into the library and living room."

"You have all arrangements made?"

"Yes, sir. Taxi is ready now, sir, just around the corner. Martin is driving. He knows how to hold his tongue, sir."

Doctor Stacey handed the man a key. "To the front door," he whispered, "and be quick. Walk back, returning by way of Stevens street and when you pass me, whistle a snatch of a song—as a signal that all is well. If you do not whistle I will know something has gone wrong."

"Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?"

"Just this. As soon as I and the gentleman now inside the office, leave, get to work. Lose no time. You can handle this man easily. See, he is just about helpless." The stranger glanced at Harrison. The millionaire apparently was in a stupor. "That is all," Doctor Stacey said and the man disappeared into the darkness.

Doctor Stacey, his arm thru Harrison's, mounted the steps and with his key opened his office door. Chataine was awaiting him.

"Ah—well done, Doctor—you have him," Chataine bubbled.

Stacey smiled. He dragged his man into his consulting room and laid him on a couch.

"And now, Doctor," said Chataine, "we must lose no time. See, I have brought you a flash and a pistol." He pointed to both articles lying on Doctor Stacey's desk.

Stacey smiled sardonically. "These things, Chataine," pointing to the gun and flash, "are for you."

"Me?"

"Exactly. You, Chataine, and not I, are going for the letters."

The doctor smiled at Chataine's confusion. Chataine stared, his mouth agape, his small, piercing, black eyes open wide.

"Why, Doctor—I tell you it's impossible."

"Nonsense."

"I must stay here with—with Mr. Harrison."

"Mr. Harrison won't move for two hours. He's too far gone. Come, Chataine, this is in your line, not mine. We'll go together to the Harrison mansion, but you get the letters."

"I tell you——"

"Tell me nothing. You are a detec-

tive, yet you ask me to enter this house. Supposing something goes wrong and I am caught?"

"I am here to vindicate you."

"Possibly; but you get the letters. Come along. Harrison will be safe." He pulled Chataine by the arm. "Take your equipment there, Mr. Chataine." Doctor Stacey handed the detective the flash and gun. Reluctantly Chataine pocketed them, and followed the doctor from the house.

They walked slowly, arguing heatedly. Doctor Stacey had his arm linked thru the detective's. He smiled continually in the darkness. Chataine was stubborn and in a vile temper. He accused the doctor of going back on his promise. He manufactured excuses as to why Stacey and not himself should enter the house, but Doctor Stacey merely shrugged his shoulders and laughed a low laugh, which made Chataine ill at ease.

They walked slowly, because Chataine, who had advised haste, did not seem inclined to go fast. A taxicab whizzed by them. Doctor Stacey noted it, a smile spreading over his features. He tightened his grip on Chataine's arm.

"My dear Chataine, you are in a vile temper," Doctor Stacey teased. "Really, by the way you carry on, one would think you had prepared some sort of a trap for me; your actions certainly are suspicious."

This had its effect. Chataine calmed noticeably. He now appeared quite good-humored, a change which amused the doctor. When presently a young man sauntered by whistling a snatch of a song, Chataine really laughed. "A happy fellow for one coming home at 1 a. m., hey, Doctor?"

They arrived at the Harrison mansion. Here Chataine made a last stand.

"I'll stay outside and be the lookout, and you——"

"You go for the letters and I'll stay outside," Stacey laughed. "Here are the keys." He handed them to the detective. "I'll take you to the door."

Stacey took up a position near the steps while Chataine approached the door. The detective fumbled with the keys. At last the door opened. Chataine entered. The door closed.

Doctor Stacey turned and sped away thru the darkness. He went down the street like a madman. At the corner he found a policeman and dashed up to him.

"A burglar, officer—I think it's the one who has been terrorizing the town for the past year—at the Harrisons'. I am Doctor Stacey. I just took Mr. Harrison home from the club; he was a bit under; I got him into the house. As I was leaving the grounds I saw a man, short, under-sized, enter them. I followed him. He tried some keys at the front door and entered. He's in there now."

The policeman blew a whistle. In five minutes he was joined by three other officers. Stacey led them to the house.

They left one policeman outside to guard the rear of the mansion. The other three, with Stacey, forced the front door and entered.

Inside, the officers used their flashes. They went down the hall, Doctor Stacey in the lead. They came to a wide flight of stairs and descending were Chataine and a woman.

"Here he is," Stacey yelled. "This is the fellow. See, he has an accomplice with him."

Chataine stared. So did the woman, his companion.

The policeman grabbed them and, amid wild expostulations, they were handcuffed.

Chataine stared at Doctor Stacey. The officers were hustling their prisoners along when Doctor Stacey stopped them. "Don't be in a hurry, officers. Let us hear what this fellow has to say."

"Say! You are the thief. I tell you, officers, you are making a grave mistake. I am Ecole Chataine, the detective. Pull back my coat and you will see my badge." One of the officers complied. The badge was there. The policeman stared.

"And I am Ella Avery of the Burns Agency," the woman said sharply. "Here is my badge." She raised her handcuffed hands and fumbling in her blouse produced her badge.

"We demand our release," Chataine said curtly.

"Remember, officers," Doctor Stacey warned, "the cleverest robbery ever committed in New York was committed by a detective, a man right on the force."

"Officers, release us, or it will go hard with you," Chataine snapped.

The officers stared perplexedly.

"Why, if you are detectives, are you here?" asked one.

"Why not search a room or two," Stacey suggested. "See if everything is O. K."

"Search a room!" Chataine bellowed. "I tell you, officers, this man is the thief who has been playing the devil here in this town. Why, at this very instant he has Mr. Harrison drunk, in his rooms on Stevens street and he was coming here to rob the house. That's why we're here; we were waiting to surprise him. He must have seen us enter and summoned you to play a little game."

"Officers," Doctor Stacey drawled, "this man is very clever with his tongue. As for Mr. Harrison, not twenty minutes ago I brought him home from the club, helped him into the house and laid him out on a davenport in the lower front room, where he should be at this instant. You can, of course, release these people if you see fit—but if I were you I should make sure.

One officer turned to the other two. "Search the place," he commanded.

They entered the nearest room, and were gone but a second. "The safe door is open," they announced excitedly, "and papers and books are strewn over the floor."

Stacey smiled. Chataine stared wild-eyed. Ella Avery was looking at Doctor Stacey as tho to read his innermost thoughts.

"And now, officers, since you find this bit of tell-tale evidence would it not be policy to search the prisoners?"

"We do that at the station," one of the policemen explained.

"But for curiosity's sake——"

One of the officers stepped up to Chataine and went thru his clothes. He brought forth the keys, the flash, two pistols, and from a side pocket he produced a pearl necklace, brooches and some jewelry of lesser importance.

Chataine stared stupidly. Finally he looked at Doctor Stacey in the face. Doctor Stacey was calm and cool.

"Rather odd, officers," Doctor Stacey drawled tantalizingly, "is it not? He's caught with the goods, yet he tells a strange tale. And what was that, my dear detective, about my having Mr. Harrison locked in my rooms on Stevens street? I am interested in that remark for the simple reason that I put Mr. Harrison into the room at the end of this hall not twenty-five minutes ago. Come, let us see."

They stared down the hall and had not proceeded far before they were joined by two wildly gasping men servants. Doctor Stacey accosted one of them. "Is Mr. Harrison's valet here?"

"I am his man, sir; thank you, sir," he replied with a slight English accent.

"Will you, then, please open this door and switch on the lights. I just brought your master home from the club."

"Thank you, sir—yes, sir."

He threw the door open and switched on the lights. There, on a davenport lay Harrison, in a drunken stupor.

"This is your master, Mr. Harrison?"

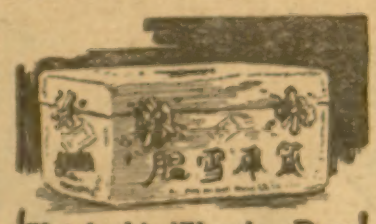
"Yes, sir."

Doctor Stacey turned to Chataine. "Here, my strange fellow, is Mr. Harrison. It is plain he cannot be two places at the same time. You play a deep game, you do, posing as a detective—but, oh, well—officers, have a cigar." He produced a silver case and passed it around.

WHY DID an American business man who had never seen this crude brass medal in his life leave town twenty minutes after viewing it?

The answer comes when the cover of the box opens

It will open in the fiction pages of the Ledger. It's the Box of Bewilderment.



Watch this Wooden Box!

THE TUSKER

By Lee M. Roberts

What Has Gone Before

SENT to the Hudson Bay region to examine land in which his uncle is interested

RICHARD CANNING, a young student of chemistry, who yearns for adventure, meets on his journey

ALPHONSE LAVELLE, a French-Canadian trapper, and the latter's companions,

OCTAVE MARAT and **GEORGES REBEAU**. The trappers direct him to the home of

GASPARD DELCASSE, a trader who lives in the region Canning is to explore. Canning meets

CECILE DELCASSE, Gaspard's daughter. Soon after Richard's arrival at the Delcasse home an evil-appearing wanderer giving the name of

BILL HINES appears. He tells a tale of shipwreck, but is so vague as to details as to arouse suspicions. He falls into a drunken stupor.

This story began in No. 37 of the Chicago Ledger, dated Sept. 13. Back copies may be obtained thru this office, our agents or newsdealers.

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER IV.

A STUDY IN SUPERSTITIONS.

I WAS thoroly glad to have Bill Hines fall asleep again, as you may well believe. In our isolated position it was no joy in our lives to receive such a guest. Cecile shrank from the great room tho it had always been the delight of her waking hours to sit therein by the huge grate fire and sew or read. Now she kept to her own room or in the kitchen and gave free rein to the ferocious sailor.

When I was quite sure that Bill was in for a long snooze, I made bold to investigate as best I might, some of the external evidences of his visit. From the front of the rambling log structure to the sandy beach it was a good stone's throw and there were some bushes between so that a slight screen offered. In the rear of the house the forest sprang up abruptly and continued forever, it seemed.

The path to the water's edge was somewhat rough and led to the log boathouse wherein Delcasse kept his canoe and also a good sized bateau. To the right of the boathouse, almost at the point where I had made my own landing a few days previously, was beached the jolly boat of Bill Hines. I walked slowly down the path, determined to show no interest in the jolly boat in case Hines should suddenly rouse himself and determine to have a hand in my investigations.

But if I expected to get any information from the boat I was prone to disappointment. It was bare of anything that would lead to the identification of our strange and weird visitor. I perceived, with some surprise, however, that it was a rather sizable craft for one man to manage in a high sea, but I reflected that Hines must be a capable mariner and used to rough voyaging and I let the inquiry drop. There was not the least scrap of anything to which I could attach any importance, save that a portion of the paint had been carefully scraped from the bows. At first this did not lend any significance altho I knew that the portion scraped was most apt to have carried a painted number or name which might have been evidence of the ship to which the boat belonged. Yet at that time it did not occur to me that there had been a keen endeavor to disguise the boat.

Cecile and her father and I held a good many little conferences during the day, but we could arrive at no satisfactory verdict concerning Bill Hines. We had our dinner early in the evening and then I went to the great living-room. I sat by the grate for a half an hour or more and was rewarded, not at all pleasantly, by seeing that Bill Hines was being restored to consciousness. A deep scowl accentuated a naturally vicious countenance. His manner was also rendered more acrid, I suppose, by the fact that the rum in his system had been spent and he required more of the poison to restore him to something like normal.

He sat up and blinked at me and at the fire and then required to know about the state of the weather and then if we were quite alone.

"Mr. Delcasse and the young woman have gone off to bed," I said. "The weather has been fine all day."

"Fine weather, eh?" said he, in a terrible growl. "Well, give me a howling hurricane, says I, and a pitch night and the roll o' thunder and I'm better pleased."

With this disagreeable expression of his desires he reached into the inner pocket of his coat and fetched forth the black bottle, which, tho it seemed of small capacity, appeared to be bottomless for he regaled himself with a mighty draught and then made an extremely wry face as tho, after all, it were a bitter and acid potion. After a few moments he shook himself and struck up a part of the raucous chantey he had sung earlier in the day.

"A howling hurricane and a pitch night and rolling thunder," he cried. "That's the weather for me."

Now a strange thing happened. Tho the sky had been clear thru the day and there was every promise of a fine night, the clouds seemed suddenly to settle thru the dusk and an ominous wind struck up its baneful dirge thru the forest. Simultaneously drops of rain splashed against the windows and a storm was on. It gave me the utmost astonishment and had I been the least superstitious I should incontinently have declared that the words of Bill Hines had been answered by some mystic influence over the elements. Within a few moments there was a terrific storm raging.

"That's the weather for a seafaring man," said Hines, getting out of his chair and marching to the window. "Blow, and squall. They ain't no ships a-riding out a gale like this. And they's truth to that. No, sir, they won't no ships ride out a storm such as is a-blowing."

"That is a Godsend," I ventured.

"How's that?" he demanded. "How's that?"

"A Godsend," I said, perceiving that I had not completed the prayer I had sought to utter, "that there are no ships on the bay."

"Ay," said Bill Hines, staring grimly into the night, "you may be sure of that. No ships a-riding tonight."

The swirl of the rain seemed to give him the greatest satisfaction and his ugly grinning face turned upon me as if to testify the contentment he felt. Then he drank from his flask again and fixed me with his reddened eyes.

"Grog is the making of me," he said. "It gives a man spirit and courage."

I did not reply to this, for I knew better, and also I was convinced that if he kept on with his evil ways he would soon come to grief. So I thought to soothe him as best I could.

"It would be too bad, then, if you should find no more in your flask," I said.

At this he laughed. "No more in the flask," he chuckled, harshly. "Well, that would be a terrible disappointment, and they's truth to that. But harkee, Mister Canning, Bill Hines is a forehanded seafaring man as never goes far without his medicine chest. Do you think Bill Hines is so foolish as to come away thru the squall and spume without his medicine?"

I said, as politely as I could, that I hoped he was well fortified against the future.

"That I be," he cried. "For harkee, I've got a cask of it stowed in the bushes where none but Bill Hines'll ever find it."

"Rescued from the wreck?" I asked him.

He scowled. "Ay, rescued," he said, and then burst out laughing again. "Rescued from the wreck. Thoughtful, eh? to rescue a cask of rum from a sinking ship? What would be the first thing to think of? Rum, of course. And so I says to myself, 'Bill, don't forget the rum,' and so I fetched it off."

Taken altogether the events of the twenty-four hours had been so astonishing that I had been at no pains to analyze them; what with the storm of the night before and the arrival of the fearsome Bill Hines I had not troubled to speculate upon the truth or falsity of his statements. But now I began to wonder at the strange and detached statements of the sailor.

He talked of shipwreck from which he alone had been saved and then expressed the opinion that no ship could live in such weather. Was there a ship afloat that he hoped would go down? Had he deserted his fellows in some dishonest fashion? How could he have been thoughtful enough to salvage a cask of rum in the excitement incident to shipwreck in the howling gale? My thoughts were interrupted by the thick voice of Hines.

"Harkee, lad," he said, "keep to wind'ard of all yellow people. Mind what I say and keep to wind'ard of them. The whites is mostly honest folk, says I, and them as isn't honest you can dodge in fair weather. But yellow is neither white nor black, and they has a evil heart which bodes no good."

This unexpected turn in Bill's manner only convinced me the more that he had been tippling overmuch and was like to ramble foolishly and incoherently in his speech. So I thought best to agree with him and give him no offense.

"Yes, sir," said I, "I'll heed your advice."

"Ay, and you may," he admonished me, staring me out of countenance with his red eyes and thrusting his bushy

face close to mine. "Beware of the yellow. They slink about in the shadows and they're up on you in a jiffy and a blade betwixt your ribs. But not betwixt the ribs of Bill Hines, who is a crafty and thoughtful seafaring man, and they's truth in that."

Then he drank again, watching me narrowly as if he feared I might spring upon him. He put away his flask and stamped about the room and then to the window and stood for a long time peering out into the roaring tempest. I could hear him muttering to himself and snarling as if rousing himself to some kind of blind fury against an unseen foe. Now he turned to me again.

"Mind what I say, Mister Canning," he said. "Watch the yellows. Take the adwice of William Hines and keep a sharp lookout especially for the eddicated heathens. Heathens isn't meant for the good of mankind and particular of sea-faring men of honest purposes. Heathens runs counter to the desire of white people and they slink along in the shadows and is like to slip a blade betwixt your ribs.

"In particular," he ran on, in his hoarse voice, "never make a shipmet of a heathen. A heathen shipmet ain't no brother. Gentlemen aboard of a ship has go to be brothers, like, and not a-hating of each other, but friendly and gentle-like and always a-caring for each other's comfort. But a eddicated heathen is no mate for a sea-faring gentleman. Keep to wind'ard of them, I says."

I nodded profoundly to this advice and said I would do my best to refrain from making a shipmate of an educated heathen. Hines now turned from me and went to the chair before the fire, where he took up his sea bag. He examined it with great minuteness and interspersed his investigations with glances at me and at the window. Once he laid down the bag and almost ran to the window, looking out into the storm as if to search out some mysterious form in the sheeted rain. Again he resumed his discourse with me.

"No good can come," said he, "of heaving a eddicated heathen overboard. Don't never heave one overboard, for they'll haunt after you and slink in the shadows. It's a way that heathens has of pestering after sea-faring men."

"Did you ever see one such?" I asked, somewhat timidly, I confess. Hines wet his parched lips with a thick tongue.

"That's neither here nor there," he said. "What I knows I knows. Don't inquire into men's affairs, specially of sea-faring gentlemen which has sailed the seven seas; but just you take my adwice and don't throw no eddicated heathens overboard of a ship."

Then he fell to muttering again. Out of this disconnected talk I caught the word, "Mati."

"Did you hear that?" he asked sharply.

"Hear what?" said I.

"Mati?"

"I heard you say something like it," I returned.

"Was it me said it?" he asked. "Was it me said it? Ain't you quite sure that some one else said it?"

Bill Hines was losing control of himself. The liquor he had been drinking was seriously interfering with his mental processes and I expected he would soon collapse from sheer lack of proper nourishment.

"Listen sharp," he cautioned me. "See if you can hear some one say, 'Mati.' Can't you hear it? Was it me said it? Did you hear anything of poisons along with 'Mati?' They go together. Poisons and Mati."

He would pause from time to time and listen with the keenest apprehension. I assured him that no voice but his own had uttered the word.

"Well," he said presently, but still glancing about the room fearfully and clutching at his throat, "that's nothing for me to be a saying. An eddicated heathen with poisons is to be awoided. Mati is to be awoided. Do you mind me?"

I assured him I did and begged him to drop into the huge chair and compose himself.

"Harkee, lad," he said, as he staggered toward the chair, "show me the way to the railroad cars to the south'ard of here and there'll be no hard feelings. I'll paddle my boat, I will, thru the rivers and forest so I gets to the railroad cars."

He leaned heavily on the chair and prepared to sit in it. He muttered softly to himself. His head turned toward the window again and then seized me with hands of iron and yelled hoarsely: "Mati!"

The next moment he slid into the chair and slept. I looked all about me, for his inebriated actions had upset me, but there was no sign of anything to worry Bill Hines and so I laid it to his fevered imagination.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROAD TO THE CAVE.

THE frequent, or rather I should say the constant and consistent libations of Bill Hines, while deplorable to my youthful mind, had the otherwise happy effect of keeping him more or less dormant for several days and I was spared the trouble of worrying about him. After that second and distressing night with the storm beating over us and Bill disposed to talk at random about the spooky "yellow and eddicated heathens" that seemed to be annoying him, I was glad of a holiday from his everlasing drinking and hoarse shouting. So I fixed him a bunk in the storeroom and there he slept most of the time.

We were all quite convinced that he continued to drink heavily and this was a great source of disturbance to Cecile. While she was used to the rough and intemperate usages of the north and her companions for weeks at a time had often been rude trappers, yet these had all spared her the vulgarisms that liquor produces and besides they were all gentle and considerate in their rough way. The spectacle of this wild and oath-breathing seaman who had come out of nowhere, together with his periods of stupidity mingled with those of savage bursts of temper, was a distinct annoyance to the girl. And you may believe that I was more than angered in her behalf.

Yet in the breasts of both Gaspard and his daughter there beat hearts of stout charity and generosity and they would not hear to my suggestions that we turn the bristling seafarer on his way.

"He would surely die in the woods," said Cecile. "We cannot possibly send him away for he hasn't the remotest idea of what it means to make his way back to the south. Of course he could get nowhere if we sent him on the bay in his boat."

"Perhaps," said I, "Lavelle and his friends would give him a lift if he took the course up the river."

"No," said Gaspard. "Lavelle and hees frands weel now be busy wiz ze traps. Eet ees no use. Hines mus' stay w'ere he ees."

And so it was decided that Bill could stay on until I had finished my own work in surveying the pulp timber when I might conduct him in safety to the railroad; yet the job did not rest well on my shoulders.

We Took a Few Steps When Bill Suddenly Froze My Blood With a Shriek That Might Have Done Credit to a Frightened Woman, to Say Nothing of a Hoarse and Piratical Sailor.

SEVERAL days had elapsed during which I had been engrossed with my maps and notes in preparation for the journey I was going to make some miles from the mouth of the river northward along the shore of the bay. With the help of Gaspard, who knew every foot of land in the vicinity for miles around, I prepared an outline of what I expected to do. But now a new obstacle presented itself. I reflected that it would be necessary to be absent from the Delcasse house for at least a whole day, beginning at the earliest daybreak and in all probability not ending until late in the evening. I wondered if it would be safe and proper to leave Bill Hines with Cecile and her father. Gaspard was an old man, however rugged he might be in his out of door life; and Cecile, after all, was only a girl. The thought gave me a good deal of uneasiness and I was turning the matter over in my mind when I found a sudden solution.

I was working at my notes in the huge living-room. I heard a footfall. On turning I saw Bill Hines entering the room.

I was sure he had been drinking as much, if not more, than usual, but there was a certain steadiness in his actions. I decided an invitation to Bill was worth trying.

"Feeling a little better, Mr. Hines?" I said.

"A sound sleep and nip of grog in the morning, Mr. Canning," said he, in a voice more rasping and hoarse than ever, I thought, "is the proper medicine for William Hines, Esquire. I see you're laying a course. Where might it be?"

"I'm going to take a bit of a jog to some timber north of here," I replied. "It's only a short walk, as walks in this country go, and I'd like to have you go with me; that is if you feel strong enough."

I had an idea that this last remark would have the desired effect and I was comforted immediately to discover that my shrewdness was not overplayed.

"Walking for a seafaring man," said Hines, "is not exactly the proper form of exercise. But as for the strength of William Hines, Esquire, there is enough and to spare. And they's truth to that."

"We'll probably be gone all day," I said.

"Lay the course, shipmet," said he, "and I'll follow."

With that he stalked out of the room hitching his wide leathern belt and setting his diabolical hat more firmly atop his head that was wrapped, as usual, in the dirty bandanna handkerchief. Never for a moment did he dismiss the garb that so made him resemble a pirate. Well, that job was finished. I need not worry about leaving Bill with Gaspard and his daughter and I hastened to tell them what I had done. Cecile was pleased as I could tell by the smile she flashed me.

EARLY the next day I routed Bill Hines from his bunk in the storeroom. He responded hoarsely with an attempt at a hearty, "Ay, ay, sir," but it was a forlorn expression. I returned to the living room and in the course of my own preparations I chanced to glance thru the low door into Bill's temporary quarters; I saw him solicitously hiding his sea bag under a pile of store gear of various kinds. I had been wondering whether he would carry the precious bag with him, but now I perceived that he would not.

We were off in a short time. Bill fortifying the departure with a great gulp from his flask. He repeated this operation from time to time. The way was not pleasant for the most part, the route being over broken granite formation and thru forests of jackpine in all stages of growth and decay. Progress is difficult thru the woods for the best muscled of men; not so pleasurable for those weakened and worn by liquor as I discovered when I found it necessary to hold up from time to time while Bill took new breath and rested his ragged body. But he tried stoutly to maintain a cheerful aspect as if to beggar my impression of his abilities.

We reached the pulp patch near midday and I reached also the conclusion that I had made a very long and tedious trip for nothing. I had been instructed very carefully by my uncle as to what I should report in the event of certain developments. I knew the kind of wood wanted; but there was no wood worth mention. The whole area was bleak granite save for a few jackpines and a great deal of worthless underbrush. I left Bill Hines resting on the side of a sunny slope while I traversed the entire section, but it came to nothing. Then I returned to Bill.

Whatever advantage there had been to the derelict by reason of the brisk walk we had taken thru the brake had been dissipated by the grog he had taken while waiting for me and I was to receive again from him renewed assurances of his bravery, his utter dis-

like for heathens and his desire for dirty weather.

"As a seafaring gentleman of strong convictions," said he, in pursuit of the topic of weather, "I have a hankering after dirty weather. Storms blow sweet to me, and they's truth to that."

I was sorry to see Bill drinking again. I was old enough to know that he could not punish his body habitually as he had done since his arrival on the mainland without severe disasters. He stumbled a little as he walked, but was otherwise eager to appear thoroly in control of himself. On the return journey, I decided to make a wide detour in the hope that the country to the east of where I first went might produce something better. But we walked a long time, always annoyed by the rank undergrowth and forced to negotiate granite bowlders, without seeing anything that would make my report any better.

Now we approached a considerable hill, as I was able to perceive by the sharp incline, tho the mass of stunted timber prevented me from determining the height of the elevation. After a short distance up the hill we found the going exceedingly distressing and even I was forced to halt and take breath. Then, to the amazement of us both, we floundered into a cool open space and here we stopped. Looking around I saw that one side of the clearing was against the blank side of the hill, and I saw in this dark, blank wall the mouth of what seemed to be a cave. Out of curiosity induced by a succession of monotonous sights in our trip thru the forest, Hines and I proceeded to the opening and looked inside. For all we could see, the hollow ran for a great distance back into the hill. We took a few steps when Bill suddenly froze my blood with a shriek that might have done credit to a frightened woman, to say nothing of a hoarse and piratical sailor. I stepped back hastily as one leaps from a threatening snake.

As I turned about I saw Bill prayerfully applying himself to the mouth of his flask, and then he pointed with a palsied finger to an object on the ground. It was a death's head.

I laughed aloud with relief when I discovered that Bill's surprise had been occasioned by nothing more grave than a whitened skull.

"Gave you a fright, did it, Mr. Hines?" I said.

"I might have knowed it," said he, still unnerved and quaking. "I might have knowed that haunts would be a giving one the fits when they's heathens a-praying to idols and a-carrying of poisons aboard of ships."

"Why, that's only an old skull, Mr. Hines," I said, trying to reassure him as best I might. "I can't see any relation between an old skull and heathens. What heathens do you mean?"

I hoped I might draw him a little further about this obsession of his, but he was too wary. He mumbled on about his "eddicated heathens" and gave no satisfaction.

"Both Indians and Eskimos have lived in this country for centuries," I said. "It's only reasonable to suppose that some of them have died. One of them in this cave, evidently."

Bill silenced me with a wave of his hand. But I was not afraid of him now. I knew that I could outdistance him in a few bounds and that he could never catch me in the brush. "Don't never interfere with the ways of haunts," he admonished me. "Especially don't never interfere with heathens which is a-praying to idols. Death's heads is signs that no self-respecting seafaring man can overlook. If ever you go a-voyaging on the sea bear in mind that a dead man can climb a rigging and slink after you in the shadows.

"But they's one thing," he went on, "heathens is just as wide of death's heads as I, tho it be a sign of danger."

And with this remark he fell to murmuring again and communing with his bottle. I supposed by "wide of death's heads" he meant that heathens would be as frightened as he, tho I couldn't understand how any heathen, unless an Eskimo, could ever come near this one. I led Bill out of the mouth of the cave and we resumed our journey homeward. It was necessary for me to go in advance of the sailor in order to make way thru the underbrush, but I did not neglect to glance backward from time to time to see how he was getting on.

One of these glances gave me a suspicion. I saw Bill extracting the knife from his belt. I resolved to get farther in advance and prepare to run for it in case he showed any intention of attacking me. But he did not and this also aroused curiosity. I pondered over the fancy that made him carry his knife in his hand until a good opportunity presented itself when I was in a clump of foliage. I watched Bill and saw him cautiously slash the bark from a tree. As he came on he slashed another. I went farther along and looked back again when the opportunity offered. Every now and again he would pause and carefully slash a tree. Bill was practising some elemental woodcraft; he was blazing a trail to the cave of the death's head. I wondered what his reason and if he proposed to make that trip again and if the "haunts" were fascinating him.

CHAPTER VI.
THE TOY ELEPHANT.

THERE was not the slightest improvement of Bill Hines' humor. Instead he seemed going from bad to worse and I considered the project of returning home at once so he might be removed from the Delcasse household where he was a growing object of concern to Cecile and her father. Thus far we had lived an isolated life. The trappers, such as dealt with Delcasse by reason of long acquaintance and because they were of his race and sympathies, were afar on their work and probably would not be returning to this near civilization with their catches for another month.

We did not see any of the Hudson Bay Company's trappers, there being a rather pointed commercial rivalry between the Hudson Bay men and those who trapped independently. And so, during the interval between the faring forth of the trappers at the beginning of the season and their return at the end, my young woman—I must confess I had taken to assuming this freedom without her knowledge—my young woman and her father were not made happy by this seafaring incubus, usually besotted and not always free from boisterous and rude language, foisted upon them up out of the storms of Hudson Bay.

Hines' nervous actions on our return from the disappointing pulp patch confirmed me in the idea that we should be on our way out of the country. I had a great hesitancy in breaking the news of this determination to Cecile. And it was not without some gratification that I noticed a look of dismay creep over her lovely features when I spoke of it.

"You have been here such a short time," she protested. "We thought you were to remain most of the season."

"I wanted to," I said. "I mean, I do want to. But my whole business up here has come to nothing and I don't want to make myself unwelcome—particularly inasmuch as Mr. Hines seems to be so successful in that respect."

The courteous reference to Hines made her shudder. We had talked about him, of course, many times. But we had never been able to decide what freak of fortune had sent him our way. Both during his sober and comparatively lucid intervals I had attempted to draw from him something explicit respecting the manner of his arrival in this northern shore, but he was always evasive and then blustering with strange exclamations of shipwrecks and his everlasting heathens and poisons and strange gods.

"I've given up trying to solve the riddle," I said. "So I have concluded the best thing to do is take him away."

"Can't—can't you manage to send him away?" she asked. There was a slight note of personal interest in her tone. I affected not to hear it.

"He would go astray in the woods," I said. "He is no woodsman. He'd lose his course on the portages. Even so it might not be the worst end he could come to."

Cecil shook her head. "We mustn't let him be harmed," she said. "That would be a great sin."

Old Delcasse joined us here and when he heard from his daughter of the nature of our talk he would not hear of my going. He said that bare hospitality would not permit him to let me depart so soon. And he also gave me to understand that better than struggling with Bill Hines alone in the wilderness would be to keep him there until the last hope of some sort of reformation had been exhausted. I decided to stay; and not with a heavy heart, either.

LATE in the afternoon Cecile and her father paddled up the river to fish for trout. I begged off, hoping by a constant attendance on Hines to learn something by hook or crook of his antecedents. Just now he was asleep in his bunk and I forebore to disturb him.

Since my arrival I had felt a keen and growing interest in the great house of logs in which the Delcasse's lived. I suppose there is in all young persons a certain curiosity to investigate nooks and corners, not especially to pry into the secrets of others, but merely to be prodding about. This sort of a curiosity grew upon me as I lived on with the old trapper and his daughter. Their departure on a small fishing trip gave me the opportunity I wanted and I forthwith proceeded to survey the house within and without. The main building—for it was really a combination of several separate structures—was of the ground plan of the huge common or living-room.

There was a second floor in this part of the house. The side of the house facing the bay had no door but two windows. The door was in the side wall. Attached to the other side was a log ell of three rooms. One of these was large, a combination of kitchen and dining-room. The others were the sleeping rooms of Gaspard and his daughter. Attached to the rear of the main building was another ell. This was a small structure, the trading establishment of which I have spoken and in which Bill Hines, the strange guest, of increasingly strange crochets, had his bunk.

Outside the main entrance in the side of the central structure and ascending almost from the door-sill was a small wooden stairs. After I had prowled about the remainder of the house I mounted the stairs. The first part of my inventory had been prosaic enough. True, I had taken a good deal of interest in the various mementos placed about the living-room by Cecile and her father, but my youthful curiosity had not been rewarded by any overwhelming discoveries. But now, upon mounting the steps to the upper story, I enjoyed a sense of adventure. The sun was shining brightly. The bay was very still and there was no wind. The very silence of the forest and the water made my movements seem provocative of surveillance by unseen eyes. I even felt a sense of guilt as if I was occupied with some hazardous mischief and several times I was impelled to look about me to see if I was being observed.

There was a small landing at the top of the stairs and just at hand was a small door. I pushed it gingerly open. Then I found myself in the dusk of an unused room, the single window draped in a confusion of cobwebs and the floor and log walls deep with the dust of years. The very emptiness of the room gave me a slight start and I ventured farther with no small thrill. But if I was expecting shocking discoveries I was to be disappointed. The room was entirely bare of furniture of any sort save for an old packing box and some broken bits of furniture. The furniture was oddly shaped, made by hand, as I could see, probably by Gaspard.

I walked carefully about the room examining the walls and peering thru the cobwebbed window. Then I came upon a great bulge in the wall made of stone and plastered with clay. For a brief moment this made me pause. Then I discovered it was the stone chimney of the fireplace below. But it was so deeply covered with dust that it had been impossible to distinguish it from the neighboring walls. I examined the construction of the chimney and found it to have been most carefully made or skilfully fashioned by the hammer. I was musing over this when I heard the far-carried voices of Gaspard and Cecile from the bay. I hurried out of the room, drew the door shut after me and concluded my investigations. Bill Hines had not been out of his bunk.

But in the evening he was. Rarely did he deny himself the privileges of being up an about of evenings, in fact late into the night. It was at night that he seemed to drink more and swagger more and sing his ribald sea chanteys and make me altogether wish him far and away. I wondered how much grog he had remaining in his cask and if he would leave off his carousing when it was gone. I had no more than finished my evening meal and entered the great room where a fire was built against the snap of the night chill when Hines entered, all bleary and repulsive, from his sleeping place.

"Mati!" He Cried.

"Well, Mr. Canning," he said, "what of the weather? Be there any storm a-brewing or foul weather on the way?"

"I believe not," I said. "Tho it is more apt to be brawling up in this climate than fair. What makes you wish for gales and thunder and rain?"

He stopped and stared at me with his red rimmed eyes and thrust forward his desperate mop of whiskers. "That's the nature of a seafaring gentleman like me," he said. "I love a bold sea and a wiolent gale, sir. I detest for to live in calm weather when they's dangerous folk about."

I thought he must be failing mentally by his over use of grog so I left off questioning him. He drank again and again and fell to singing lustily and tunelessly. Then he would stop singing and begin his inevitable muttering on the subject of heathens and poisons and idols. I must have grown weary of it and relaxed for I soon dropped off into a light slumber sitting in the chair before the genial fireplace.

I DO not know how long I slept. Not long, surely; and yet long enough to reassure Bill Hines of my inattention for as I opened my eyes I beheld that ferocious sailor at the far side of the room very secretively poring over the contents of his sea bag. It was the first time I had seen him as much as open it tho he had always watched it with the most assidious zeal.

One by one he took up such articles as frayed garments, boots, a huge pistol and laid them back in the recesses of the bag. Then he leaned more closely still and furtively unfolded a tattered pea jacket. Out of it he took an object that seemed to offer him the keenest gratification for he held it ever so carefully and hardly permitted it the least exposure.

A movement of his huge, dirty hands gave me a fleeting view of it. I saw a small white carved elephant. The distance was too great and the illumination too imperfect to permit of a good observation; but as near as I could judge it was such a toy or ornament as might have been carved out of ivory for sale in antique or curio shops. It was small enough to be concealed in Bill's two hands.

An ember cracked in the grate. Hines flashed an apprehensive look at me. I remained motionless but Hines evidently was taking no chances for he hastily replaced the carved elephant in its ragged container and made fast his sea bag again. I waited a suitable time and then studiedly restored myself to consciousness.

CHAPTER VII.
THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

WHILE I took great care to disabuse Bill of any thought that I had seen his strange actions with the toy elephant I did not neglect to observe that he keenly watched me as if to decide whether I had fathomed any secret of his. And presently I felt sure that he was easy on that score. Now he began talking to me in his hoarse tones, muttering as always before of the sea and of storms and of heathens and poisons. I was almost minded to draw him into conversation to see if I might not learn specifically the things that evidently were uppermost in his mind but I reflected that his constant use of grog probably had unbalanced him and whatever he said would be of small comfort. As habitually he was draining at his flask and ever and again he would stare thru the window as if he expected some astonishing thing to rise out of the bay and approach him. Suddenly he turned round to me.

"Mr. Canning," he said, tilting back his pirate's hat and standing arms akimbo so that his knife was laid bare in his great belt, "you and me have come to be pretty good shipmets, after all."

I replied that I knew of nothing that would interfere with out relations.

"That you may well say," said he. "Very well indeed. For if there's anything in the world that a gentleman of the sea likes better than any other it's a good shipmet."

I told him I believed that his observation was true in almost every walk of life.

"And right you are," he cried raucously. "Right you are in every walk of life. And there's truth to that. But especially, say I, especially it's true as among seafaring men. When a gentleman's got a good shipmet he needn't be afeared of any gale that blows. What I likes is a good gale and a good shipmet for to stead me."

"You aren't expecting a gale, are you?" I asked, by way of metaphor.

"Not such a gale as blows the sea," said he, swaggering and gesticulating. "But there's other gales as wiolent and desperate and as needful of care. Mr. Canning, I'm a-wondering if you're the kind of a shipmet that a man can talk to fair and square."

I started to assure him, but he interrupted me.

"Harkee, Mr. Canning," said Hines, "I'm a man most probably with a hard reputation as I've got from faring from one port to another. And if you feel as how you don't care to listen to my yarns, why, then, just you say so and we'll have no hard feelings. But if you're the man I think you are, I'll make sail and ask you to share with me."

"Anything you tell me," I replied, "will remain with me. I should like very much to be of service to you."

"Dang me," he cried, "but that's well said. Well, now, Mr. Canning, there's something been a-bothering of me these here last few nights which makes me

(Continued on Page 23.)

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

A Whimsical Yarn in Which Two Ladies and a Prize of the Finny Tribe Contend for Honors.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

BY LEON W. DEAN

HEED ye now the story of Rainbow, the mighty salmon of Pocock Pond, at once the hope and despair of all fishermen, with a price of five hundred dollars upon his head!

No more wily outlaw ever took to his native strongholds, there to bid defiance to all comers and play at death with those who sought his capture, than this same outlawed salmon called Rainbow. Swift and strong and bold was Rainbow. He took his name from the resplendent, crescent leaps he made at sundown as he sported and played or took his food—or even fought back at the end of some would-be captor's tackle, breaking or shaking it loose from his gristled mouth. By day, he lurked deep down in the pond's safe retreats, but at twilight—well, twilight was the outlaw's hour.

Long before summer camps and hotels had usurped the place of spruce and birch and pine around the shores of the pond, sportsmen had learned of Rainbow's fame as a big, fighting fish, and took long journeys to try their skill and stoutness of rod and line upon him. That was before he became an outlaw, with a price upon his head. He was then only a gamey leviathan of the deep woods, a finny prize sought by veteran anglers. But with the crowding into the wilderness of summer guests in duck and flannel, a new era dawned. The former sturdy campaigns were succeeded by a constant harassing. The old thoro-going sportsmen, with whom he was wont to try conclusions, one by one departed for less trameled fishing ponds, and he was left to the mercies of the amateurs. They gave him no peace, but he got his revenge.

Out in a boat, under the shade of a multi-colored parasol, a lady was one day fishing. In the boat with her was a hotel guide and her husband—a jolly-stomached little man who looked as tho he would have much preferred sipping some cool, terrestial beverage beneath an overhanging porch on shore to broiling in an open boat beneath the hot August sun. The lady, however, was adamant. You could tell by that lean jaw that she meant to conquer wild nature as she had conquered human nature. Her air was of one accustomed to sweep all obstacles from her path. Here others had failed. Others' failures were her opportunities. The capture of that fish would show again her invincibility and superiority. And why should not a fish be captured?

Perhaps never before in her life had she been a-fishing, but that mattered little. She felt that she sufficiently understood the art; that she had simply to drop in her bait, and—well, all fish were wont to come to her hook. She was not dressed for her occupation, and the hot sun took grim advantage of silk and satin, but let us give her the credit due, she held stubbornly to her task. No doubt of her final triumph would she permit herself to entertain. From time to time she unbent sufficiently from her stern dignity to lean over and dip her fingers in the refreshing waters of the pond, and at such times a rare assortment of fine jewels flashed back their presence to the sun.

Thus it was that the accident occurred. Perhaps her fingers had become shrunken by the influence of the water, perhaps it was for some other reason that one of the rings hung unnaturally loose. At any rate, it suddenly parted from her finger—a magnificent diamond—and went twinkling down into the depths below. Occupants of nearby boats heard a stifled cry. A swift shadow darted upward from some dark lurking place far beneath the ken of human eye. Its tail splashed the surface of the water as it checked its savage rush. The diamond was gone.

The little fat man proceeded to dab nervously at his moist forehead, and to steal surreptitious glances at his lady, who had so far forgotten herself as to utter that choked cry of dismay. Was there malign satisfaction in those glances? Was it his moment of unholy vengeance for the past hours of discomfort? Who shall say? Other curious eyes than his, and less furtive, were upon her. But now she had withdrawn into her shell of decorum, and not until every other craft had departed was her guide ordered to row home.

The buzz of conversation ceased as she mounted the hotel veranda. The little man unconsciously dabbed again at his forehead, but his consort carried off the situation with uncompromising dignity. Nevertheless, the mischief was done. The guide had been bribed to hold his tongue, but the secret was too good to keep, and he must have cut his corners pretty close, for presently it began to leak out that old Rainbow had partaken of milady's diamond, and was worth anywhere from two hundred to a thousand dollars. On this point opinions varied, but, as the years went by, and the tradition was passed down to each succession of lakeside guests, the value somehow crystallized at five hundred. Milady visited the vicinity no more, but her fame lived after her, and curious visitors might see her signature many score of pages back on the hotel register.

A Swift Shadow Darted Upward. Its Tail Splashed the Surface—the Diamond Was Gone.

So it came to pass that no pearl-enveloping oyster was ever courted for its prize as was Rainbow, the monarch salmon of Pocock Pond. More wary he grew as the years passed him by, and of added weight and fiery vigor. Seldom now would he rise to any lure, but when perchance he did and the steel barb bit home to the battle-scarred jaw, he brought to his aid the wisdom gained of many a former conflict and, hurling all his far-famed bulk and speed and strength into the struggle, fought himself free.

THERE came, one day, to the pond Clifton Brainard, an assistant in the United States Department of Fisheries. Forsooth, however, he was not in pursuit of the king of the pool, but a beauty to his eyes much more attractive—no less a one than the queen of the summer colony. Fish he might have with him always, but her—ardent was his wooing.

He was good to look upon, was this Clifton Brainard, for he stood four-square in the stature of a man, clean, stalwart and purposeful. Not few were his admirers, nor did he find disfavor in the eyes of the queen. But queens are capricious and privileged mortals. They do not surrender at a finger's beck and may ask a price for their favors.

"You would marry me?" quoth she.

"I would," said he.

Let us not go into detail. Her price was the ring "in yonder pond." In vain he plead for leniency, but queens are obdurate and there was a stubborn twinkle in her eye.

"What, sir knight, you profess a passion for me and will not undergo this simple quest?"

"Simple?" groaned he, and there was a world of meaning in the groan, for he was experienced in the ways of the finny tribe, and the prowess of old Rainbow had days agone been recited in his ears.

"Ay, simple. Go, good knight, and when your quest be done, return, that mayhap you may have found favor in my sight."

"Tarnation!"

"Pray, sir, is that a knightly oath?"

"You don't know what you're asking. Why——"

"Yours not to reason why. Come, let us see if your spirit be equal to your protestations."

"But this is tomfoolery, it's——"

She stamped her foot with pretty impatience, and he desisted. Moreover, long before Apollo had driven his flaming chariot to the crest of the eastern mountains on the following morning, our valiant knight was afloat in a skiff, and, with that alternate hope and despair of which we have before spoken, a thousand times amplified, was whipping the waters of Pocock Pond.

This was but the beginning. Each morning and evening thereafter, and not infrequently at midday, he could be seen diligent upon his quest. What recked it if his charger were a boat with oars, and his lance a fisher's rod! No knight of famed King Arthur's band ever rode the marches with a higher purpose. What recked it, I say, whether it be spelled in one case "rode" or in the other "rowed!"

Of course, the good people began to wonder why the young man so abruptly transferred his attentions from one such estimable form of angling to the other. To the one he had previously ignored, he now seemed peculiarly devoted. Had he been jilted? Was he thus seeking to assuage his disappointment or show his indifference? Gradually the truth began to dribble out. Then furor. To no such sensation had the society folk been treated since that dramatic day on which the ring first was lost. Could the young fellow land the fish and, with it, the girl? How long would she wait? Would she really refuse him if he failed?

It began to look as tho this last question was in a fair way of being put to the test, for the unsympathetic old monarch consistently refused to strike. No lure so gaudy or so dazzling, no bait so tasty as to tempt him from his seclusion. Once, indeed—oh, thrilling moment!—he rose to a flitting, spangled bunch of feathers, but, alas—oh, sinking heart!—passed the temptation by. And then again, horrible to relate, even while he was being so bravely and patiently besieged by our hero, he was so inconsiderate as to take the offering of a total stranger and win to freedom only after a hard and bitter contest. Fickle queen and fickle king, what could the desperate lover do betwixt them?

THO merrily willful and capricious the girl was by no means a heartless tyrant. Perhaps she, in some measure, repented the rash favor she had exacted, for often she accompanied her knight upon his quest to cheer and encourage him. This her presence did, but sometimes, too, it was bitter sweet, disheartening him with the hopeless uncertainty of attaining her. At such times he no longer plead, for he was bold of heart, but was given to pensive and melancholy lapses of silence during which he would gaze absently into the water and speak never a word for the space of many minutes. Then would she gently chide him and bid him take heart, yet she, too, could not but realize that summer had passed into autumn and the season was drawing to its close.

On one of these occasions, an evening when they had substituted a canoe for the rowboat and were drifting idly along with motionless paddle, a most unlooked-for interruption occurred to the monologue with which she was addressing him, laughing at his forlorn cast of countenance.

"Tut, tut, sir knight, faint heart ne'er won fair lady," she reminded him.

But he scarcely heard her, so introspective were his thought. Vaguely he speculated upon the death struggles of a resplendent moth that had fluttered to its watery grave near the edge of the drifting canoe. He might almost have extended his hand and saved the insect from its untimely end, but it did not occur to him to do so.

The girl ceased speaking, her eye also caught and held by the creature's titanic exertions to extricate itself from the engulfing element into which its twilight travels had cast it. Being in better command of her faculties, she might have reached forth and performed the mission neglected by her knight but for a sudden swirling, upward rush beneath the unfortunate flutterer's body—a rush so headlong that the water broke, and from its surface leaped full-formed the vision of a mighty salmon, carried thru the air by the impetus of its charge to come somersaulting into the canoe.

For an instant it lay there panting at their feet, half stunned by surprise and the shock of its landing, then sprang to action and with a single convulsive bound almost cleared the gunwale, but it struck the edge and fell flopping back. With an inarticulate howl of joy and triumph the young man hurled himself upon it, bearing it down. Then seizing up a paddle he prepared to make an end of its flounderings.

"Stop," cried the girl.

He hesitated with bludgeon upraised.

"Would you humor me at the expense of life itself? You have won, now let the poor thing go."

"But the ring?"

"Should such a creature come to such an end? Any portly jeweler can supply you with a ring. Let him go, I say," she spoke with mock yet earnest imperiousness.

"Will you marry me?" he persisted doggedly.

"Be as gentle as you are patient and determined, sir knight, and you would be worthy of the hand of any woman."

"Then dang the fish," he cried, and overboard went Rainbow, the monarch of the waters; and and there in Pocock Pond, he swims to this day, still the subject of tradition and the object of much seeking. May his tribe increase!

* * *

An Auto Anthem.

MY AUTO 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you quite refuse to go, or won't or can't. Thru town and countryside, you were my joy and pride; a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy nice white tires so new, but now you're down and out for true, in every way. To thee, old rattlebox, came many bumps and knocks; for them I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze while good folks choke and sneeze, as we pass by. I paid for thee a price 'twould buy a mansion twice, now everybody's yelling "ice"—I wonder why? Thy motor has the pip, even the skid chains slip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bankroll now. No more 'twould choke a cow, as once before. Yet if I had the mon, so help me John—amen, I'd buy myself a car again, and speed some more.

* * *

Philander Was Slow.

"PHILANDER," said a pretty girl to her bashful beau, "I wish you'd tie this ribbon at my throat. I can't see to do it without a glass."

"Of course; I'll be glad to," he said, and at once grappled the strings.

After an unsuccessful effort of five minutes, during which he got as red as a brick house and perspired like a pitcher of ice water on a July windowsill, he stammered:

"I—I—don't think I can tie a respectable knot, Miss Mary."

"Suppose, Philander," she whispered, with a pretty little blush, "suppose you call in a clergyman to assist."

Like the unveiling of a beautiful mystery the situation unfolded itself to Philander, and he feels better now.

Magic, Intrigue and Love Play Important Roles in the Fourth Installment of

The SILVER SPIKE

BY CHARLES T. JORDAN

"Couldn't Nick Parrott Be Handing You a Double-cross?"

Read This First

LONG after the great war is over **WALTER KEARNY,** Hazleton college athlete, is taunted with the charge that his father was a slacker. The fellow student fondest of thus baiting Kearny is

CLARENCE MILES, a rival athlete and candidate for a place on the track team. Kearny and his chum

FRANK BIGELOW notice freshly spaded earth on the field, which had been the site of an Army training camp. Called to their marks by

ALTON MURDOCK, the coach, the young men dismiss the subject from their minds. In the contests that ensue, witnessed by

SETH NORTON, a former Hazleton coach, and

ALICE MURDOCK, daughter of the present coach, the girl with whom Kearny is in love, Kearny beats Miles in the quarter-mile run, making record time. In the meantime

SORACCO, a magician, is planning to play a date in Circle City. His press agent,

ARTHUR BENSON, sees the college athletes at work and is startled when he sees Kearny, whose face seems familiar. He also hears a voice that sounds equally familiar and discovers that it belongs to

BILKY ANDREWS, a former assistant to Soracco. He is plotting with

NICK PARROTT concerning the coming inter-collegiate meet. Kearny and Bigelow watch for the digger who works only by moonlight. They see him but he runs when he discovers he is being watched. On the next day Benson happens to be at the track while Kearny is throwing the hammer and sees an old track boundary mark that is turned up from the turf by the heavy missile. Benson demands that Andrews let him see the old trophy for which the two colleges are to compete. Andrews, after much hedging, says

W. SINGLETON, a shyster lawyer, forced him to bring the trophy to his office. Benson leads Andrews to believe he will help kidnap Kearny and thus further Singleton's plan to keep Hazleton from winning the meet. Benson then goes to Singleton and gives him three minutes in which to produce the missing trophy. Singleton, bluffed, brings out the cup and Benson takes careful note of the engraving. Singleton also knows that the engraving has a hidden meaning. Benson does some digging on his own account and finds what he is looking for. The next night comes the magician's show. All the college men are present. Armed with facts procured in advance by the busy Benson

MME. RHEA, the "seeress," gives startling answers to questions. Kearny is selected from the audience to appear in one of the magician's illusions. Mysteriously he disappears. In the meantime, Kearny is warned by Benson of the plot to kidnap him.

This absorbing serial began in No. 35, the Ledger dated August 30. Back copies may be obtained thru our agents, from this office or from newsdealers.

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"TO KIDNAP me?" It was unbelievable.

"Exactly." And forthwith Soracco's salaried brains revealed to Kearny the underhanded scheme he had come upon. "But, happily," he added, "I have a way to circumvent it, and at the same time turn the tables on the biggest crook in the county. Two thousand of Soracco's good dollars are to be enlisted in the crusade."

"What is your idea?" questioned the thoroly interested weight man. He was beginning to cherish a wholesome respect for the publicity engineer.

"The only thing I'm not sure of," answered Benson, "is whether you are willing to aid in trimming a trimmer. If such an undertaking isn't directly against your code of ethics——"

"Go on," laughed Kearny. "I'm just beginning to enjoy myself."

Benson's acrobatic eyelid gave witness to his gratification. "I thought I had you sized up right. Now, listen, Kearny. If our plan is to go straight, it will be necessary for you to remain away from home over night. Can you do it?"

"I'll do anything that won't prevent my being at the athletic field in plenty of time tomorrow."

"Then write a short note to the fellow you sat with." And Benson outlined the contents of the note Bigelow was to receive a little later. "If you'll wait a second, till I hand this to Soracco," the press agent explained, "I'll be with you again."

On his return, "This Singleton," he exposited, "expects you to step into an automobile run by one of his employes, about five minutes from now. It is to be driven to Bolton, where automobiles are almost unknown. The engine is to break down. The village blacksmith will be unable to get it in order until 2 in the afternoon. The run from Bolton to Circle City requires about three hours. It will be impossible to get back till after the meet is over. Do you follow me?"

"I think I do," returned Kearny. "You intend to work it about the same way you got me into that suspended trunk?"

"Precisely, Benson."

Soracco sought them, and the next two minutes were spent in clearing up the final details.

AND so it was that, at 10:29 that evening, a tall, brown-haired, hazel-eyed young man stepped out the stage door, and paused, one hand on the door of the closed car waiting at the curb. "Is this Nick Parrott?" he inquired, in a voice so low that the couple standing only a few yards away did not overhear.

"Nick it is, Kearny. And are you ready for a little spin out to Bolton? And an indefinite stay there in case anything goes wrong with the machine?" questioned the dark-featured man at the wheel, a sly expression in his face.

"You bet you."

"Then hop inside."

The automobile was out of sight in no time.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Arthur Busy Benson closed the stage door behind him, and crossed the street to Rafferty's cigar stand. There he found Singleton, the Brentwood lawyer, and Billy Andrews. Singleton's big, coarse face was one huge smile.

Asked Benson: "Has everything gone according to Hoyle?"

"You know it!" returned the shyster. "How in thunder you fixed Kearny, I can't conceive. But it worked like a charm. He got into that car just as tho he owned it. Nick Parrott called me up a minute ago from the outskirts of town, and said all was snug. Mr. Benson, I congratulate you."

"Oh, I told you Benson was a slick one!" put in the cataract-eyed companion of Singleton.

The press agent laughed. "How I worked it is of course my own affair," he said meaningly. "But you can see as well as I can that it's to my advantage to have him out of the meet. All I can spare is up on the result."

"Same here," said Bilky.

"Hazelton money can't come any too fast for me," observed the lawyer. "I have a mobile reserve of idle dollars. Er—how about that other little matter, Benson? I don't see your friend with you. Has that two thousand deal fallen thru?"

"Not so you'd notice it," chuckled Arthur Busy, his erratic eyelid off on another tear. "My friend entrusted me with the details." From an inner pocket he removed a thick billfold. "How'll Rafferty, here, do for stakeholder?"

"Suits me," responded Singleton, who was acquainted with the retail tobacconists and poolroom owners who were "right," from one end of the county to the other. "Oh, Rafferty!" he called to the proprietor, who was watching a card game in the rear room of the establishment—a rear room in which Singleton had seen many a dollar change hands.

The owly-eyed Rafferty was with them a moment later, and his sleepy eyes exposed no surprise as he learned the accommodation that was desired, and the size of the wager.

The money was put up in hundred-dollar bills, and left in Rafferty's custody without question. For Rafferty was known to be "square" among friends. A little later Benson treated to his favorite brand of havanas, and departed for the hotel.

It was on the train back to Brentwood that Friday night that Singleton first broached the subject to Bilky Andrews, alias Leeds, the college caretaker. "Bilky, old man, I've got good news for you," he smiled urbanely.

Bilky looked up in anticipation at the face of the giant beside him. "Well?" he questioned.

"I recovered the cup last night."

For a moment Andrews was dumb. Then: "You've saved my life, Singleton," he bubbled gratefully. "I saw Norton, the old Hazelton coach, only this afternoon, and he said he'd be over for it tomorrow morning. But why didn't you tell me about it sooner?"

"Forgot it," lied Singleton. "Was going to return it myself tonight, but seeing that you're along, you may as well take it."

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST CALL FOR THE HAMMER.

WATCH in hand, Saturday morning, Singleton sat in the front room of his Brentwood home, nervously awaiting the ringing of his telephone bell. Yesterday morning, he recalled, it had been the same thing. The man he had instructed to camp on Benson's trail when the press agent departed, Thursday evening, had kept him waiting till all hours for his morning long-distance call from Circle City. And the report of the man who had shadowed Benson had been rather unsatisfactory.

"Always the way, when you hire your outside work done," the big criminal lawyer ruminated. "But I can't see what's keeping Nick Parrott. He is what I call trustworthy."

He stretched his long legs out in front of him, and yawned a capacious yawn. He had gotten home from Circle City late the night before. His eyes dropped to the watch. "Lord! Fifteen minutes and I'll have to be leaving—if I'm to get to Circle City in time to witness the track tournament. It can't be that something has happened to Nick? It looked so simple last night and——"

At last the welcome tinkle of the 'phone bell interrupted him. He got up awkwardly and strode to the instrument. "W. S. speaking," he called his initials into the mouthpiece.

In a second came the reassuring voice of Nick Parrott.

"What the deuce has kept you so long?" questioned the lawyer.

Nick laughed. "There seems to be only one long-distance 'phone in Bolton, and I've had the devil's own time locating it. Gee, but this is a dead hole!"

"And the news?" The big man's voice expressed his anxiety.

"Fine as pumpkin pie!" returned Parrott. "Arrived here with Kearny as per schedule. He's here in the booth with me now. Say, Singleton, there ain't even a train runs thru this rum joint, and as for a gasoline buggy—Huh! You ought to have seen the natives turn out for our triumphal entry."

Something very like a smile hovered for an instant at Singleton's thick lips. "Ask Kearny to step out of the booth a minute, Parrott," he decreed.

"O. K. I'm alone," Nick hummed back over the wire. "But, say, boss, are you keeping in mind the fact that every word costs money? The rate's a corker from here."

"I'll reimburse you," replied the shyster. Then, in lower tone, as tho he feared being overheard even in his own house, "How about the car? Is she in first class shape?"

"All except for a nut I dropped into her stomach," came the laugh of Parrott. "Only man in town that would tackle fixing her is a plumber, and he allows as how it'll take him at least till 2 p. m. to locate and remedy the trouble. So there's little chance of our reaching Circle City till 5."

"Good!" was Singleton's curt, expressive retort, and, without wasting even a syllable, he added, as an afterthought: "Bye!" and hung up the receiver.

Winthrop Singleton was really in remarkably good spirits as he trudged the quarter-mile of good road to the railroad station. Why shouldn't he have been?

"With one man—Kearny—physically unable to appear in the relay or his other two events; and with another man purchased—hired to come in behind in both quarter and relay," he soliloquized as he walked. "Why there's nothing to it!"

At the station Bilky Andrews awaited him, and the ex-lifter of handy things almost immediately was imbued with the optimistic sentiments his taller companion bubbled over with. "All set?" he asked.

"All set, Bilky. Parrott says everything is lovely. But to be doubly certain he'll call me up again at 1:30, at

the Austin House, Circle City, as per last night's instructions."

"And Kearny?"

"Meek as a canary. Our money's safe, Bilky, absolutely safe. But," he added to himself, "I wish I knew what Benson has on Kearny. It might come in handy to yours truly."

FRANK BIGELOW had spent a miserable night. About the only thing that showed improvement over the day before was his poison oak. It had almost ceased itching, and, the dresser mirror told him, his face looked a good deal sightlier than it had.

The mysterious illusion Soracco the Seer apparently had performed with his roommate as subject had sorely puzzled Bigelow. But he found Kearny's overnight absence even more puzzling. That scribbled note hadn't given him much satisfaction. He had striven in vain to concoct a satisfactory explanation.

He ate little breakfast, and hung about his room until he heard the postman's ring. He remembered Kearny's instructions to bring any mail that happened to arrive to the campus. With that thought in mind, he hurried down the stairs.

He had diagnosed the ring correctly, in that it heralded the arrival of a bearer of mail. But the youth who faced him across the threshold was not a regular mail carrier. He was Circle City's day-shift "speedy" boy.

"Got two special deliveries for a fellow named Kearny," he announced. "You him?"

"No, but I room with him. Guess I can sign for them?"

"Sure thing," and the special messenger handed a receipt book and pencil to the grenade-thrower. In return for two signatures, he gave Bigelow a letter and a small parcel, which the diminutive redhead carried upstairs.

At half past ten Bigelow could stand inaction no longer. He literally threw himself out of the house and wandered aimlessly in the direction of the campus. The barred gate of the athletic inclosure was wide open, and peering in, the redhead caught sight of Alton Murdock, the coach, overseeing the final preparation of the track for the meet. Men in overalls were marking the lanes and starting lines with lime that glistened in the sunlight. Bigelow sauntered in.

"Haven't heard a word from Kearny?" he asked the coach nervously. Then he added: "You heard about last night, of course?"

Murdock tilted up the visor of his cap and fastened a keen pair of eyes on the grenade-throwers. "Some of the fellows told me about it," he replied. "And there's a lot of nasty talk going the rounds. It is whispered that Kearny is a quitter—that he has sold himself. To whom, it isn't said."

"And you believe it?" the short athlete questioned anxiously, an unreadable light in his shallow-seeming eyes.

"I do not!" answered Murdock promptly. "Not until it is proven. Kearny got into an automobile at the stage door last evening, all right—for several of the boys saw him."

"I saw him myself," corroborated Bigelow.

"But that's no indication that he isn't going to participate today," continued the trainer. "He may have had to go somewhere on business. I've tried to discover who started the defamatory rumor. But I haven't succeeded. To my mind such a supposition is ridiculous."

Bigelow hesitated. "Walt Kearny isn't going to stay out of the meet of his own accord, anyway," he said finally. "But have you stopped to think that some one may be keeping him out by force?"

Murdock's sterling face showed his surprise. "No, Bigelow! What do you know?"

"I don't know anything definite," responded the grenade-man. "But I've been doing some thinking. I heard some one say yesterday that one of Soracco's employees—his press agent, I believe—has considerable money up on Brentwood College. I don't know whether it's true or not; but if it is, he would have a good motive for wanting Kearny to be kept out of sight until too late to enter his events. Walter got into that auto of his own free will; but who knows but that he did it under a false impression? He may have been lured into taking that ride; but when the machine reached its destination—wherever that is—he might easily have been taken prisoner." Bigelow took from his pocket the note Kearny had written the evening before, and passed it to the coach.

"I wonder?" mused Murdock aloud, when he had read it. "There may be some foundation for your fears, Bigelow. At any rate, I believe it's up to us to look up Soracco and see what sort of an explanation he has to offer."

The discovered that the well-known mystic was registered at the Austin House, but there their quest ended in a blind alley. The day clerk informed them that the magician had left early that morning for an automobile tour, and that he wouldn't be in before six that evening. As it was nearly noon the coach and Bigelow parted, the latter walking slowly home to the boarding house.

There was something vaguely distressing about it all, Bigelow could not help reflecting. To be sure, Kearny's note had intimated that he would be at the field in the afternoon. But the question was: How much had Kearny known when he wrote that note?

A tall fellow, dark-haired, but light of countenance, barely avoided running into Bigelow as he turned a corner. On recognizing the grenade-thrower, Miles for it was he—halted and inquired sarcastically: "Seen anything of Kearny yet?"

The red-head did not fail to notice the quarter-miler's arrogant manner. "What if I haven't?" he countered none too civilly.

"I knew he hadn't shown up," gloated Miles. "And he won't. He's a quitter, just like his father was before him. His father quit hotel-clerking and joined the fire department when the 18 to 45 draft was enacted. It runs in the Kearny family—yellow."

Hot resentment flushed the freckled little fellow's face. He became thoughtful for a moment. "I suppose that's the sort of gaff you've been handing Miss Murdock, Miles?" he guessed aloud. "It's a wonder she would believe you—knowing Walt as she does. But you must have convinced her in some underhanded way."

Miles' pale cheeks grew even paler, then a touch of crimson mounted them. "Kearny's a yellow dog, and I can prove it!" he said hotly. "He's been bought to stay out of the meet."

"You lie, Miles! If Kearny isn't here in time to compete it will be because he's being detained by force."

The quarter-miler sneered. "You don't know him very well, Bigelow, even if you are his roommate. He's been bought, I tell you. Singleton, a sporty lawyer over at Brentwood, and a fellow working for Soracco put the deal thru. I know, because Singleton told me so himself. He tried to buy me, but I wasn't for sale," he added.

For a few seconds Bigelow was silent. Then his feelings flared to the surface again. "If Walt Kearny were only half as yellow as you are, Miles," he said coolly, sarcastically, "he'd be pretty darned yellow. But Walt doesn't go around talking about the other fellow behind his back—queering him with his lady friends. You say some one has purchased him. I repeat, you lie! For 2 cents I'd thrash you right here on the street." As he spoke, the little fellow's red hair bristled, and his face went white and carmine by turns.

Miles stepped back a pace. Bigelow was nearly a head shorter than he; yet the quarter-miler had no desire to mix with him in public. "It won't alter the truth any," he sneered, "for you to get on your high horse. Wait till the meet begins; then see if I am not right." And, somewhat ill at ease, the dark-haired fellow edged past Bigelow, and continued on his way.

"The big coward!" mused the grenade-thrower, as he turned and watched him. "He's afraid of me. Of me! And that is all on earth that's the matter with Alice Murdock. He's filled her full of his lies about Kearny, and she has believed him. Walt yellow! He'd sooner cut off an arm than to play the traitor to the college. Yet, if there's anything in what Miles says about Singleton and Soracco's man being in cahoots, it only goes to bear out my reasoning. But what can a person do, except wait and see?"

AT QUARTER past 1 that afternoon, Clarence Miles met with an unexpected reception when he rang the bell of the Murdock home. Alice came to the door, but it was a different Alice than she who had accompanied him to the theater the night before. He detected her surprisingly changed manner even before she spoke.

"Why, Alice," he protested, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing that interests you, Mr. Miles," she said coolly.

"But something must be. But get on your things and let's start for the field. It's only an hour till——"

"I'm not going to the field with you, Mr. Miles."

"But you said last night——"

"I've changed my mind."

"But——"

"I realize several things now that I didn't in the theater," she informed him frigidly. "I am quite certain that there isn't a word of truth in what you told me about Mr. Kearny. If it isn't asking too much, I'll beg to be excused." And without more ceremony, she stepped into the house and closed the door.

In boiling anger Miles turned and descended the steps. "What can she have learned?" he muttered, chagrined, as he stumbled from the place.

It was five minutes past two. The Hazleton bleachers were comfortably filled with the gaily-clad cohorts of the rival colleges. Already some of the athletes had emerged from the dressing tents, and were warming up by jogging slowly around the course. And not a word had come as to Kearny's whereabouts.

Murdock was frantic. Bigelow had told him of his meeting with Clarence Miles, and Murdock had put the dark-haired senior thru a grueling third degree; but Miles would not retract his statement. A frame-up existed, he insisted, with Singleton, Soracco's man and Walter Kearny as the principals.

The crowds on the east bleachers, the supporters of Hazelton University, undoubtedly had heard the rumors concerning the home college's star athlete—for a subdued silence, and many anxious glances toward the gate were a pretty fair criterion.

Murdock had tried to connect with Singleton by long-distance telephone, but had failed.

At six minutes past two, the coach chanced to look toward the Brentwood side of the field. Two men, one very tall, instantly filled his whole vision. "There's Singleton, now!" he exclaimed, and would have started toward the pair, had not diminutive Bigelow touched his shoulder at that instant.

Murdock wheeled, his eyes following the direction of the grenade-thrower's gesture, to the gate, which was now opened wide. A big motor truck was

(Continued on Page 18.)

You bet—
"they satisfy"!

"SATISFY" is an old word in the dictionary but an entirely *new* thing in cigarette enjoyment.

Know what a drink of cold water does for your thirst? Well, that's what Chesterfields do for your smoke-hunger. They *satisfy.*

It's all in the blend—fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos combined by a secret formula *that cannot be copied.*

Today, ask your dealer for "those cigarettes that satisfy."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
of TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos—Blended

Moisture-proof package keeps them firm and fresh, whatever the weather.

A Penny Postal Brings My $100,000 Style Book

Look around to your heart's content and see what others offer. All I ask is not to forget my new book. It shows all the most beautiful and practical styles, no matter who created them. My own designs are recognized as the most copied of all fashions shown anywhere.

My new book will tell you in advance of the season what styles will be most popular. It will help you compare values. Even if you intend to buy elsewhere I want you to have it anyway. It costs you nothing.

Style—Price and Credit Many Months To Pay

I allow you to pay just about as you please. You don't even need to ask for credit. I take care of all that in *advance*. You can have the loveliest things without waiting. Look your prettiest at all times and take months to pay.

But my Credit Plan *alone* would not make many women want to have my Style book. Style, quality and value must come first. The credit can be considered simply as something *extra*. Write for my Style Book because of its beautiful fashions. Get it because of its splendid bargains. Your copy is waiting your request.

Ask for It Early
Be Posted On New Styles

My new Style Book will tell the new width and length for skirts; the right height and design of shoes; the newest cloths; the latest weaves; the smartest trimmings.

You will learn from it the most popular modes in dresses; the fashionable colors; the newest ideas in millinery, lingerie or children's wear. Having it in your home is like chumming with a famous style authority. Why not write for it today?

The Secret of My Bargains

I do away with all extravagances. I never have left over stocks or sacrifice sales. I have no high-priced salespeople. I deal direct with mills and makers. So I cut out all the profits of the retailer, the wholesaler and the jobber. I never charge anything extra because a style turns out unusually popular.

Everything a Woman Wears Sent Prepaid on Approval

My new book is a great deal bigger than ever before. Many new departments have been added. More things are shown in actual colors. Nothing has been overlooked. I will send any selection prepaid on approval. If you return it, I pay the cost back to me and immediately refund your payment.

I SHOW BELOW A SMALL LIST OF DEPARTMENTS

Aprons	Chemises	Underwear, Lingerie	
Baby Needs	Costumes	Dresses	Shoes
Children's Clothes	Coats	Ladies' Coats	Furs	Slippers
	Combinations	Gloves	Stockings
Bath Robes	Corset	Hats	Suits
Bloomers	Covers	Hosiery	Sweaters
Brassieres	Corsets	Kimonos	Veils
Capes	Corset	Millinery	Vestees
Caps	Waists	Muffs	Waists

Write Me Today—A Penny Postal Card Will Do.

MARTHA LANE ADAMS, 8780 Monroe St., CHICAGO

BLACKHEADS
AND SKIN ERUPTIONS

Now are easily removed at home at a small cost. Banish those unsightly blemishes easily and quickly by using—

Clear-Tone

Not a paste. No masks to wear. A simple remedy that has relieved chronic cases of long years standing.

Clear-Tone will permanently remove pimples, black heads, acne and distressing skin eruptions. Send $2.00 today for a full sized treatment. Satisfaction guaranteed, or your money refunded.

GIVENS CHEMICAL CO., Dept. B, Kansas City, Mo.

When you make purchases at retail stores

YOUR MONEY

PAYS THE DEALER A HANDSOME PROFIT.

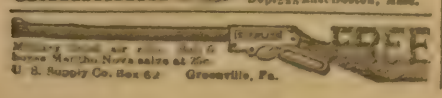
If you would be interested in knowing how you may secure a share of retail stores' profits for yourself, write us for full particulars. Send no money. Either sex. We offer you a rattling good prospect of a yearly income for life. No canvassing; no personal services whatever. Applicants, however, must be prepared to invest at least $20 capital. With your co-operation we do the work and YOU SHARE THE PROFITS.

The Harrison Corporation, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ALL THIS FREE

Gold-plated Lavalliere and Chain, pair Earbobs, Gold-plated Expansion Bracelet with 1m. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold-plated Rings ALL FREE for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cents each.

Columbia Novelty Co. Dep. 22A East Boston, Mass.



U. S. Supply Co. Box 64 Greenville, Pa.

Continuing the Thrilling Tale of Adventure and Action in the Northland

The Danger Trail

By James Oliver Curwood

Review of the Story

BECAUSE of mysterious accidents and threats,

JOHN HOWLAND, construction engineer, is sent to the far north to complete a railroad already begun by two engineers who are unwilling to continue. While awaiting the train to take him on the last lap of his journey, he meets

JEAN CROISSET, who shows keen interest when Howland explains his mission and mentions his name. Howland later is followed by a beautiful girl,

MELEESE, who, he believes, is a mute. While acting as her escort, he is attacked and beaten unconscious. Before lapsing into unconsciousness, he believes that he has heard the girl's voice. When he awakens, Jean is taking care of him and warns him not to go farther. This warning comes from Meleese, and the mention of her name gives Howland the idea that she has led him into ambush. Proceeding north with a half-breed guide,

JACKPINE, Howland meets one of the men whom he is to release,

GREGSON, who seems decidedly ill at ease and anxious to leave. Both Gregson and Howland see Meleese and Jean, and Howland receives another warning to turn back. Instead, he continues, and meets

THORNE, the other engineer who is going back home. Thorne seems like a ghost. That night Meleese comes to Howland's cabin. Howland confesses that he loves Meleese, who again warns him to return south. He makes a promise to do what is best for her, but not abandon his work. He meets

MAC DONALD, camp superintendent who invites him to witness the dynamiting of a mountain. Later, a message comes saying Mac Donald needs help. Howland hurries to the place mentioned. A hidden enemy fells him, and when he recovers his wits, he finds himself in the mountain with a mass of explosives around him, and a fuse burning toward him. He works himself free and hides his narrow escape from the men; then goes to keep an appointment with Meleese. Howland keeps his appointment with Meleese. Again she warns him to go away, but he refuses, declaring he will hunt down those who attempted his life. Altho she declares she loves him, Meleese gives the signal for his capture. Howland is overpowered. Jean takes him to the "House of the Red Death," but tells Howland he owes his life to Meleese. Howland is left there, a prisoner. He considers plans for overpowering Jean. Suddenly Jean returns.

This interesting serial began in No. 34, the Ledger dated August 23. Back copies may be obtained thru our agents, from this office or from newsdealers.

[Copyright, Bobbs Merrill Co.]

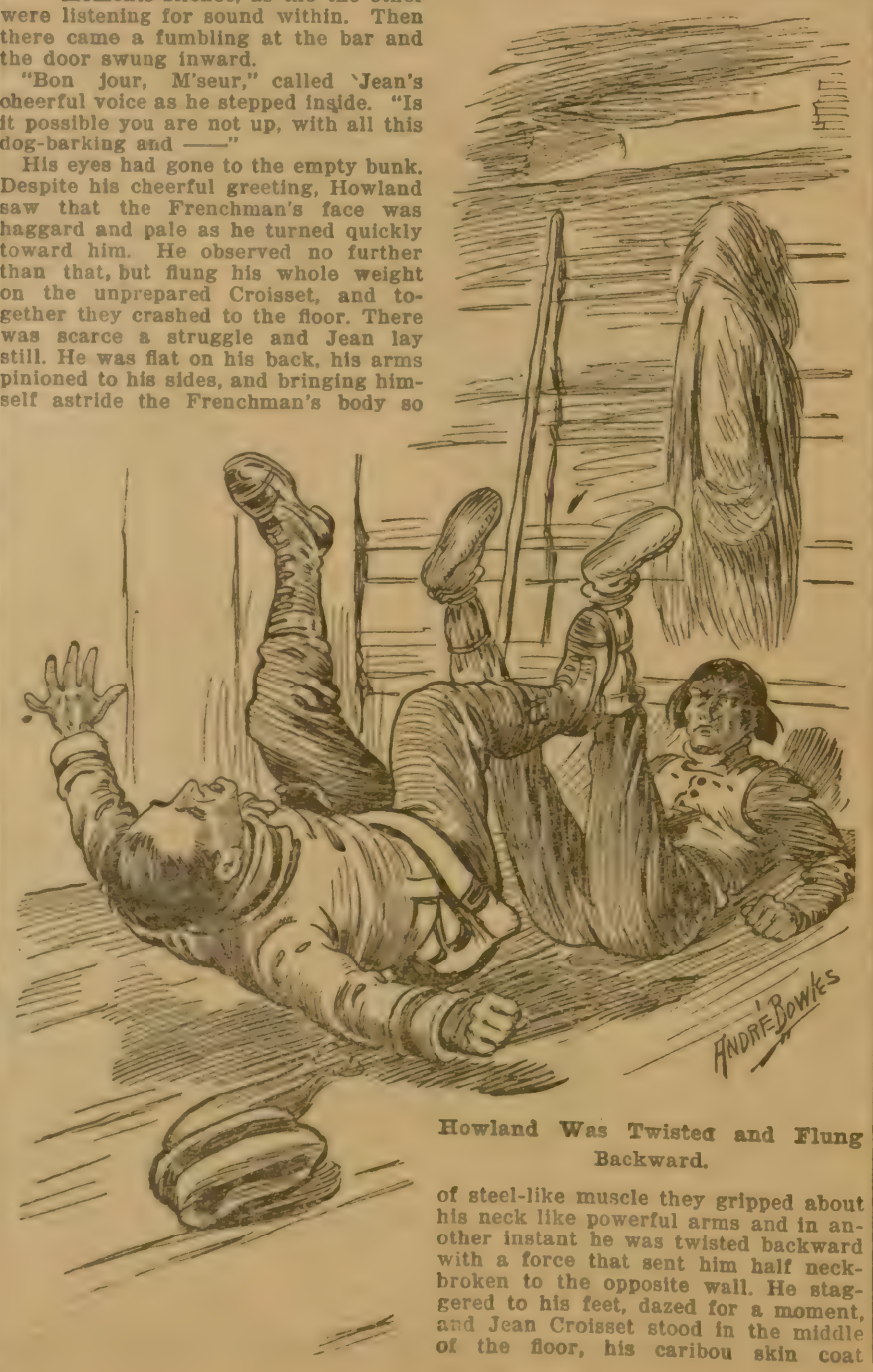
CHAPTER XII.

THE FIGHT.

BEYOND the door Howland heard Jean pause. There followed a few moments silence, as tho the other were listening for sound within. Then there came a fumbling at the bar and the door swung inward.

"Bon jour, M'seur," called Jean's cheerful voice as he stepped inside. "Is it possible you are not up, with all this dog-barking and ——"

His eyes had gone to the empty bunk. Despite his cheerful greeting, Howland saw that the Frenchman's face was haggard and pale as he turned quickly toward him. He observed no further than that, but flung his whole weight on the unprepared Croisset, and together they crashed to the floor. There was scarce a struggle and Jean lay still. He was flat on his back, his arms pinioned to his sides, and bringing himself astride the Frenchman's body so that each knee imprisoned an arm Howland coolly began looping the babeesh thongs that he had snatched from the table as he sprang to the door. Behind Howland's back Jean's legs shot suddenly upward. In a quick choking clutch



Howland Was Twisted and Flung Backward.

of steel-like muscle they gripped about his neck like powerful arms and in another instant he was twisted backward with a force that sent him half neck-broken to the opposite wall. He staggered to his feet, dazed for a moment, and Jean Croisset stood in the middle of the floor, his caribou skin coat

No More Wrinkles
BEAUTIFUL BUST
Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic. Eyelashes Beautified
Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have not a wrinkle on my face now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 127, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment is a God send to all this women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish".

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles in 6 hours;
How to develop the bust;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to quickly remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A142, 2311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovlier in every way.

Swell SUIT FREE

Express or Postage Prepaid

Sent prepaid—just for showing your friends our beautiful woolen samples and stunning fashions. We will make it to your own individual measure, cut in the latest style and it won't cost you a penny.

No Extra Charges

for anything—All the latest fancy styles, tunnel belt loops, golf bottoms, pearl buttons, etc. *Everything FREE.*

$35 to $50 EXTRA A WEEK

besides getting your own clothes absolutely FREE. You can easily earn this amount in your spare time. Write today for the big FREE Money Making Tailoring Outfit—also samples to choose from.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. 1654 Chicago, Ill.

21 JEWEL RADIUM DIAL GOLD FILLED WATCH
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

Smashing Low Price—Send No Money

Sent You at Our Risk

Thin Model

THE RADIUM ILLUMINATED DIAL GLOWS

during the dark hours of the night. During the day, the raised figures indicate very clearly, as on railway watches. Think of it—a 16 size gold filled or silverine open face case, screw bezel and back plain polished or engraved with a 21 jewel radium dial movement, for only $9.95—exactly half price. But send no money, simply your name and address, and this elegant radium dial watch will be sent you by parcel post. When you receive it, pay postman $9.95 and watch is yours. If not satisfactory after 10 days' trial we will cheerfully refund your money. Write for watch today.

M. BYRNE & CO., Dept. 1 K R, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS! BIG MONEY
SELL MAKITOL

A valuable and useful household preparation, makes 90% of Toilet, Dental and Medicinal Remedies as cough syrup, dentifrice, mouth wash, skin lotion, antiseptic salve, antiseptic powder, etc. Full directions with every package.

Small Cost—Quick Sales—Big Profits

Agents wanted in every section to sell this advertised product. Everybody buys. Write for particulars and trial order. Money refunded if you do not make good.

MAKITOL CO., Dept. A Rochester, N. Y.

Paris Styles
Approved by Irene Castle
Write for
FREE
BOOK

Postal Brings Book
and this Beautiful
Dress-FREE
Don't send a penny for the dress shown here, or anything in our 244 page Style Book. Just ask for BOTH, on a postal!

IR3700
Amazing Value
Silk Poplin
and
Silk Georgette
Dress
Guaranteed $9.00 Value
$4.98
IR3700. The Bargain sensation of America. Fashioned of All-Silk Poplin.
If you don't think it worth every penny of $9.00 we don't want you to keep it.
All C.O.D. orders shipped express collect.
Colors: Black, Navy, Burgundy.
Sizes: Bust 34 to 44, waistband 24 to 30, skirt length
Price Prepaid $4.98
CHARGES PREPAID
Right to Your Door
Money Back if you ask it

Look
At These Sample Bargains
Silk Dresses ..... $6.98 up
Cloth Dresses ..... $2.98 up
Silk Waists ..... $1.98 up
Boys' Clothing $2.50 up

PHILIPSBORN'S
CHICAGO, ILL.

thrown off, his hands clinched, his eyes darkening with a dangerous fire. As quickly as it had come, the fire died away, and as he advanced slowly, his shoulders hunched over, his white teeth gleamed in a smile. Howland smiled back, and advanced to meet him. There was no humor, no friendliness in the smiles. Both had seen that flash of teeth and deadly scintillation of eyes at other times, both knew what it meant.

"I believe that I will kill you, M'seur," said Jean softly. There was no excitement, no tremble of passion in his voice. "I have been thinking that I ought to kill you. I had almost made up my mind to kill you when I came back to this Maison de Mort Rouge. It is the justice of God that I kill you!"

The two men circled, like beasts in a pit, Howland in the attitude of a boxer, Jean with his shoulders bent, his arms slightly curved at his side, the toes of his moccasined feet bearing his weight. Suddenly he launched himself at the other's throat.

In a flash Howland stepped a little to one side and shot out a crashing blow that caught Jean on the side of the head and sent him flat on his back. Half stunned Croisset came to his feet. It was the first time that he had ever come into contact with science. He was puzzled. His head rang, and for a few moments he was dizzy. He darted in again, in his old, quick, catlike way, and received a blow that dazed him. This time he kept his feet.

"I am sure now that I am going to kill you, M'seur," he said, as coolly as before.

There was something terribly calm and decisive in his voice. He was not excited. He was not afraid. His fingers [illegible] and slowly the smile faded from Howland's [illegible] as Jean circled about him. He had never fought a man of this kind never had he looked on the appalling confidence that was in his antagonist's eyes. From those eyes, rather than from the man, he found himself slowly retreating. They followed him, never taking themselves from his face. In them the fire returned and grew deeper. Two dull red spots began to glow in Croisset's cheeks, and he laughed softly when he suddenly leaped in so that Howland struck at him—and missed. He knew what to expect now. And Howland knew what to expect.

It was the science of one world pitted against that of another—the science of civilization against that of the wilderness. Howland was trained in his art. For sport Jean had played with wounded lynx; his was the quickness of sight, of instinct—the quickness of the great north loon that had often played this same game with his rifle-fire, of the sledge-dog whose ripping fangs carried death so quickly that eyes could not follow. A third and a fourth time he came within distance and Howland struck and missed.

"I am going to kill you," he said again.

To this point Howland had remained cool. Self-possession in his science he knew to be half the battle. But he felt in him now a slow, swelling anger. The smiling flash in Jean's eyes began to irritate him: the fearless, taunting gleam of his teeth, his audacious confidence, put him on edge. Twice again he struck out swiftly, but Jean had come and gone like a dart. His lithe body, fifty pounds lighter than Howland's, seemed to be that of a boy dodging him in some tantalizing sport. The Frenchman made no effort at attack; his were the tactics of the wolf at the heels of the bull moose, of the lynx before the prongs of a cornered buck—tiring, worrying, ceaseless.

Howland's striking muscles began to ache and his breath was growing shorter with the exertions which seemed to have no effect on Croisset. For a few moments he took the aggressive, rushing Jean to the stove, behind the table, twice around the room—striving vainly to drive him into a corner, to reach him with one of the sweeping blows which Croisset evaded with the lightning quickness of a hell-diver. When he stopped, his breath came in wind-broken gasps. Jean drew nearer, smiling, ferociously cool.

"I am going to kill you, M'seur," he repeated again.

Howland dropped his arms, his fingers relaxed, and he forced his breath between his lips as if he were on the point of exhaustion. There were still a few tricks in his science, and these, he knew were about his last cards. He backed into a corner, and Jean followed, his eyes flashing a steely light, his body growing more and more tense.

"Now, M'seur, I am going to kill you," he said in the same low voice. "I am going to break your neck."

Howland backed against the wall, [illegible] turned as if fearing the other's [illegible] and yet without strength to [illegible]. There was a contemptuous smile on Croisset's lips as he poised himself for an instant. Then he leaped in, and as his fingers gripped at the other's throat Howland's right arm shot upward in a deadly short-arm punch that caught his antagonist under the jaw. Without a sound Jean staggered back, tottered for a moment on his feet, and fell to the floor. Fifty seconds later he opened his eyes to find his hands bound behind his back and Howland standing at his feet.

"Mon Dieu, but that was a good one!" he gasped, after he had taken a long breath or two. "Will you teach it to me, M'seur?"

"Get up!" commanded Howland. "I have no time to waste, Croisset." He caught the Frenchman by the shoulders and helped him to a chair near the table. Then he took possession of the other's weapons, including the revolver which Jean had taken from him, and began to dress. He spoke no word until he was done.

"Do you understand what is going to happen, Croisset?" he cried then, his eyes blazing hotly. "Do you understand that what you have done will put you behind prison bars for ten years or more? Does it dawn on you that I'm going to take you back to the authorities, and that as soon as we reach the Wekusko I'll have twenty men back on the trail of these friends of yours?"

A gray pallor spread itself over Jean's face.

"The great God, M'seur, you cannot do that!"

"Cannot!" Howland's fingers dug into the edge of the table. "By this great God of yours, Croisset, but I will! And why not? Is it because Melesse is among this gang of cut-throats and murderers? Pish, my dear Jean, you must be a fool. They tried to kill me on the trail, tried it again in the coyote, and you came back here determined to kill me. You've held the whip-hand from the first. Now it's mine. I swear that if I take you back to the Wekusko we'll get you all."

[illegible]

"And that 'if'——" Jean was straining against the table.

"It rests with you, Croisset. I will bargain with you. Either I shall take you back to the Wekusko, hand you over to the authorities and send a force after the others—or you shall take me to Melesse. Which shall it be?"

"And if I take you to Melesse, M'seur?"

Howland straightened, his voice trembling a little with excitement.

"If you take me to Melesse, and swear to do as I say, I shall bring no harm to you or your friends."

[illegible] brightened again. "You will not harm her, M'seur?"

"Harm her!" There was a laughing tremor in Howland's voice. "Good God, man, are you so blind that you can't see that I am doing this because of her? I tell you that I love her, and that I am willing to die in fighting for her. Until now I haven't had the chance. You and your friends have played a cowardly underhand game, Croisset. You have taken me from behind at every move, and now it's up to you to square yourself a little or there's going to be hell to pay. Understand? You take me to Melesse or there'll be a clean-up that will put you and the whole bunch out of business. Harm her——" Again Howland laughed, leaning his white face toward Jean. "Come, which shall it be, Croisset?"

A cold glitter, like the snap of sparks from striking steels, shot from the Frenchman's eyes. The grayish pallor went from his face. His teeth gleamed in the enigmatic smile that had half undone Howland in the fight.

"You are mistaken in some things, M'seur," he said quietly. "Until today I have fought for you and not against you. But now you have left me but one choice. I will take you to Melesse, and that means——"

"Good!" cried Howland.

"La, la, M'seur—not so good as you think. It means that as surely as the dogs carry us there you will never come back. Mon Dieu, your death is certain!"

Howland turned briskly to the stove.

"Hungry, Jean?" he asked more companionably. "Let's not quarrel, man. You've had your fun, and now I'm going to have mine. Have you had breakfast?"

"I was anticipating that pleasure with you, M'seur," replied Jean with grim humor.

"And then—after I had fed you—you were going to kill me, my dear Jean," laughed Howland, flopping a huge caribou steak on the naked top of the sheet-iron stove. "Real nice fellow you are, eh?"

"You ought to be killed, M'seur."

"So you've said before. When I see Melesse I'm going to know the reason why, or——"

"Or what, M'seur?"

"Kill you, Jean. I've just about made up my mind that you ought to be killed. If any one dies up where we're going, Croisset, it will be you first of all."

Jean remained silent. A few minutes later Howland brought the caribou steak, a dish of flour cakes and a big pot of coffee to the table. Then he went behind Jean and untied his hands. When he sat down at his own side of the table he cocked his revolver and placed it beside his tin plate. Jean grimaced and shrugged his shoulders.

"It means business," said his captor warningly. "If at any time I think you deserve it I shall shoot you in your

(Continued on Page 24.)

17 Cents a Day Pays

For the mellow toned Symphonic Piano. Several beautiful models a genuine Mahogany, Oak and Walnut. Guaranteed 20 years. Sold the celebrated Larkin Factory-to-Family way. Many music lovers have saved $100 to $200 in buying Symphonics.

Our plan permits 30 days trial in your home. Four years time without interest. Convenient monthly payments. Ask today for FREE Catalog illustrating and describing Symphonic pianos.

Symphonic Pianos
Also Player Pianos and Grands

Instruments in actual colors. Please state whether interested in the Symphonic Piano, the Symphonic Player Piano (write) anyone can play) or the Symphonic Baby GRAND. Write now for your catalog.

Larkin Co. Desk PBW 919, Buffalo, N.Y.

Standard TIRES
at 1/2 Off
No Money With Order

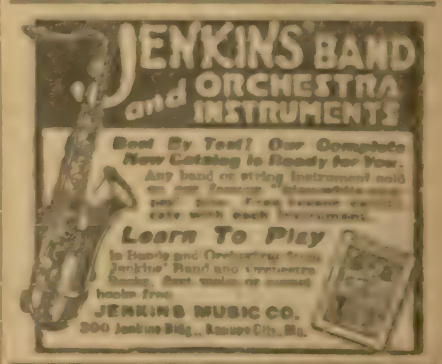
We have gone into the tire business because we have the facilities for cutting your tire expense by 50%, and are out for a great volume of business. Just send your name and address and size wanted, and we will ship at once on approval. We sell only the finest type of slightly used but expertly rebuilt standard tires that can stand the test of any tire guaranteed for 5000 miles.

See These Cut Prices

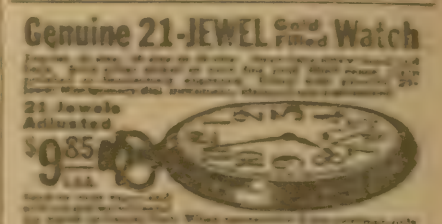
Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$ 4.90	$ 2.15	32x4½	$ 14.80	$ 4.65
Non-Skid	5.80	2.45	33x4	14.80	4.45
30x3½	6.90	2.65	33x4½	15.00	4.65
Non-Skid	9.80	3.40	34x4½	15.00	4.65
31x4	11.90	3.60	35x4½	15.00	4.65
32x3½	11.90	4.05	36x4½	15.00	4.65
32x4	11.90	4.20	37x4½	15.00	4.65

SEND NO MONEY. Just print name and address plainly, size wanted and whether straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain. Pay on arrival, examine thoroughly—remember, satisfaction guaranteed. If not absolutely satisfied return them at our expense and we will immediately refund your money. So order today—AT ONCE. We ship promptly.

ARMOUR RUBBER WORKS
Dept. D 1, 5148 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

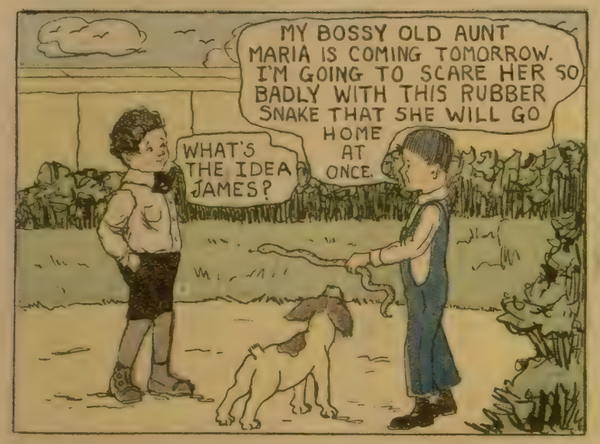


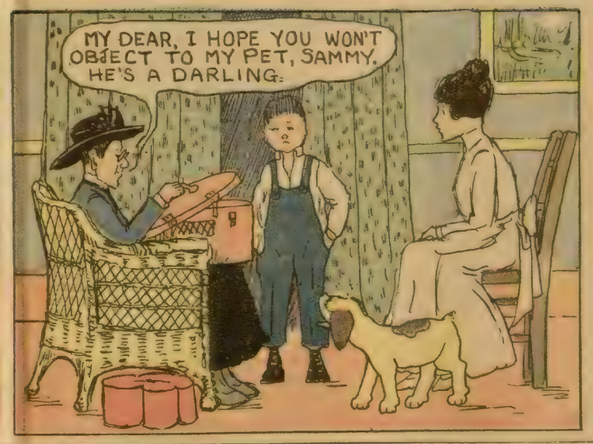
Genuine 21-JEWEL Gold Filled Watch



WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG

The Joke Was on James


MY BOSSY OLD AUNT MARIA IS COMING TOMORROW. I'M GOING TO SCARE HER SO BADLY WITH THIS RUBBER SNAKE THAT SHE WILL GO HOME AT ONCE.
WHAT'S THE IDEA JAMES?



A Pedagogical Triumph.

It was school day at the Zoo, and the children were supposed to be accompanied by their parents. There were several, however, whose care fell to their teacher, among them little black Sally.

Because of her poor dress, her self-suppression and race consciousness of color, her teacher made a special effort to see Sally had her share of all the treats and full opportunity to see everything to be seen.

While her big-eyed wonderment gave evidence that Sally was having the time of her life, her natural reticence suppressed all involuntary outbursts of surprise and pleasure.

The next day the principal visited the schoolroom to question the children about what they had seen and learned at the Zoo.

"And you, Sally," he asked, "did you have a good time yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," said Sally. "I had such a good time, Mr. Bruce, I plumb forgot I was black."—Life.

His Present Occupation.

"After being in business for thirty years or more, old Johnberry Judson has sold out," related the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "He said he couldn't stand any longer having everybody else telling him how to run his business."

"That so?" returned the recently arrived commercial traveler. "Is he doing anything now?"

"Not a thing but telling everybody else how to run their business."—Judge.

Advance Information.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Crossiots, "we must avoid contradicting the new cook, or hurting her feelings in any way."

"Of course," replied the patient woman. "I'll phone the employment agency right away and find out what her views are on the League of Nations."

Worm Turns.

"Doctor, I don't quite understand this bill you sent me."

"Well?"

"You have one item here, 'Professional services, $5.' That's clear enough. But what's this other charge, 'Reading matter, 35 cents?' Is that a war tax?"

"No. That's to repay me for the magazine you carried off when you left my office."

Very Clear.

Teacher—"Now, Willie, can you tell me the meaning of the word 'transparent'?"

Willie—"Yes, ma'am. It means something you can see thru."

Teacher—"Right. Now give me an example."

Willie—"A ladder."

The Thoughtless Answer.

A certain Kansas City physician will never know just how near death he was the other day when, after a thoro examination of probably the brightest, sweetest and altogether supreme 9-months-old baby in the world, the mother asked, "Well, what do you think of my baby?" and he said, "Oh, it's a normal child."

Breaking It Gently.

"You were discharged?"

"No, indeed!"

"But you lost your job."

"It happened this way: The boss informed me in the kindest possible manner that there would be no limit set for my vacation this year."

Ingenuity.

Little Jackie—"I want another box of pills like I got for mother yesterday."

Chemist—"Did your mother say they were good?"

Little Jackie—"No, but they just fit my airgun."

Woodchopper—"I see a lot o' bear tracks 'bout a mile north of here—big ones, too!"

Hunter—"Good! Which way is south?"

Medical Morality.

Not so very long ago a certain attorney was quite ill. A doctor was summoned, but directly he arrived and got one look at his patient he said, "Sorry, but you'll have to call another doctor."

"Am I as sick as all that?" gasped the attorney.

"No, but you're the lawyer that cross-examined me when I was called to give expert testimony in a certain case. Now my conscience won't permit me to kill you, but I'm darned if I care to cure you. Good day."

How It Happened.

Miss Kitty—"Major, is it true that once during the war one of the enemy died to save your life?"

Major Blunt—"Yes."

Miss Kitty—"How noble! How did it happen?"

Major Blunt—"I killed him."

Top and Bottom.

"I'm glad I'm not a Hindu soldier," remarked the private who was always late to formations.

"Why?" asked the sergeant who was always calling him down for that failing.

"It's bad enough," responded the chronically tardy one, "to get my legs dressed in time for reveille, let alone wrapping an extra spiral leggin' around my head."

Newlywed Style.

A young farmer's bride who recently undertook the management of the horticultural department of the farm writes the agricultural editor as follows: "What can I do to make my potatoes grow? I peeled them ever so carefully before planting them, but they haven't even come up yet."—Life.

Senatorial Courtesy.

"What is Senatorial courtesy?"

"Senatorial courtsey," replied Senator Sorghum, "consists largely in remaining silent so ostentatiously that anybody can guess what unpleasant things you must be thinking about."

Not Complex.

"I understand," said the reporter, "that the defaulter's method was very simple."

"Very," said the bank president; "he just took the money."

Puffed Up.

"Your husband denies it," said the doctor, "but isn't it true that he smokes between meals?"

"No," replied the patient's wife. "He eats between smokes."

Precocity.

It was washing day, and John had been kept from school to look after the baby. Mother sent them into the garden to play, but it was not long before cries disturbed her.

"John, what is the matter with baby, now?" she inquired from her wash-tub.

"I don't know what to do with him, mother," replied John. "He's dug a hole and wants to bring it into the house."

Underrated.

"I'm afraid I'll never be able to teach you anything, Maggie," was the despairing utterance of a Trenton woman to a new Irish domestic. "Don't you know that you should always hand me notes and cards on a salver?"

"Sure, mum, I knew," answered Maggie, "but I didn't know you did."

Thankful for Something.

"There's one thing I'm glad of anyhow," said the patriarch.

"What's that, father?" asked the prodigal son.

"You didn't get into politics and make your wastefulness so conspicuous as to call for a congressional investigation."

Bearing Up Well.

"Can't get much work out of that hired man of mine," said Mr. Cobbles.

"Maybe he's troubled with dolce far niente."

"He may have it, but it don't seem to troubie him none."

Important Man.

"So your brother has got a job as artist on a newspaper."

"Yes'm; he draws the crosses on the pictures to show where the crime was committed."

An Expert Tip.

Lawyer (to handsome female defendant)—"Sob a whole lot, but shed no tears. Nothing will prejudice a jury against you like a red nose and watery eye."

Point of View.

"Has our client a good case?"

"Good for several thousand dollars."

Defeats.

Knicker — "A defeat is when the enemy drives you back home."

Outlaw — "Or else when you don't dare to go home."

All Big Fish.

"How are the fish running?"

"Good and large, sir. So large that a notary public has set up a shack on the river bank."

Thread of Interest.

"This cook book ought to be popular."

"Why so?"

"There's a love story mixed in with the recipes."

Explained.

"How do you do it, son? You sleep in class every day."

"The prof is a retired minister and doesn't mind it."

Danger.

"Who are the plain people, anyhow?"

"Well, I don't apply the term to the lady voters."

A Hold-up.

Willie (with a mouse trap) — "I say, Auntie, give us a quarter, or I'll let it loose."

Thoughts on Parting With a Faithful Gas Cart

O LITTLE Old Boat! O little Old Bus!
We're mighty sorry you're leaving us;
We've quite forgotten blowout shocks;
We've quite forgiven all hard knocks.
O little Old Car, we only recall
That hither and yon you've lugged us all—
Up hills on high you've shown your grit,
And many a mile you've done your bit.

Your pistons may leak, your motor may knock,
Your tires may squeak, your body may rock;
Of course, you are no "speedster" star—
But, little Old Car, you've carried us far.

But here we part, at the chapter's end,
With a fond farewell to a staunch old friend.
It's *au revoir* to our faithful Liz—
You're going to join the cars "as is."
So, little Old Boat, O little Old Bus,
We're mighty sorry you're leaving us!

—La Monte Waldron, *in Life*

Brain Teasers.

Added Syllables.

148—Here are several examples:

His (garb) was quaint, his speech sincere;
Report did surely (garble),
It was a pity thus to (mar)
The specimen of (marble).

"I ——— not find my way at all
Unless I have a ———;
I'll take it in my ———," he said,
"And hold it by the ———."
What's ——— that is so feather light?
Some down from off the ———.
"———," then, said Will, "I surely hear
A faint and far off ———."
He did not know which way to go,
But ——— about at ———;
The ——— upon his face was dark;
His team, it was a ———.

Metamorphoses.

149—The problem is to change one word by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being the same, and the letters always in the same order. Example—change medicine in the form of a tiny ball into a big bundle. Answer pill, bill, ball bale. Each of the words described contains three letters and only three changes are required. When these have been rightly guessed the initials of the first words, and the initials of the last words will each spell the surname of two useful Americans.

1. Change a human being to meat often used in sandwiches.
2. Change to study to something necessary in a row boat.
3. Change to augment to a substance that does not mix with water.
4. Change 24 hours to a large tub.
5. Change a number to an epoch or age.
6. Change a grain relished by horses to 16½ feet.

Six Word Square.

150—1. A mean fellow.
2. Moving freely.
3. Plural of an elevated platform in a theater.
4. Plural of a small roll of tobacco leaf used for smoking
5. Unfavorable.
6. To make less.

Just for Fun.

Little 7-year-old James came home from school the first day with determined look on his face. He was decided on one point.

"Mother," he cried, "I'm going to quit school and be a school teacher!"

"Why, James," said his mother, laughing, "how can you? You don't know enough."

"Don't know enough?" exclaimed the would-be teacher. "You don't have to know anything! All you have to do is ask questions!"

He Was Right.

Mike—"What's th' best thing to drown one's sorrows in, Pat?"

Pat—"Perspiration! Hard work will kill thim."

Word Anagrams.

151—COD IS NICE, IT LURES A CAT.

The letters of each sentence form, when recast, a common English word. Can you disentangle them?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

144. Buried Animals.

Ermine, monkey, beaver, zebra, ostrich.

145. Insect Additions.

1. Bee-Beet. 2. Fly-Flay. 3. Ant-Cant. 4. Gnat-Grant. 5. Spider-Despair. 6. Hornet-Another. 7. Moth-Mouth. 8. Grub-Burgh.

146. Missing Words.

Forest, softer, foster.

147. Four Word Square.

POST
ODOR
SOFA
TRAY

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Nice Job.

"What line did you say you were in?"

"I manufacture a face powder that can't be kissed off."

"Who has charge of your proving grounds?"

He Didn't Know.

Sentimental Mary—"Oh, don't you just love to cuddle up against the good old spring and feel the gloriousness of it?"

Mere Man—"I don't know. I've always slept on a mattress."

Easy Ethics.

Clerk—"Why is it that I am so exhausted when night comes, do you suppose?"

The Boss—"Well, if you would spend just half the energy in correcting your own faults that you spend in trying to invent ways to make others appear responsible for them, you might be much less weary when night came, and so would everybody else."

A Possible Risk.

"I thought your wife had decided to name the new baby after her grandmother."

"She changed her mind when I warned her that in about twenty-five years from now the papers would be running her grandmother's name often in the fifty years ago columns."

Just What Did She Mean?

Hewitt: "My wife is a cheerful sort of companion."

Jewett: "How is that?"

Hewitt: "I told her that I had taken out a twenty-year endowment on my life, and she said that she hoped I wouldn't mature before the policy did."—Life.

Force of Habit.

Park—"I'll bet a cookie that tall girl is a telephone operator."

Wood—"Why?"

"I was at a fishing party with her the other day."

"I don't gettcha."

"The first time she got a bite she yelled 'line's busy.'"

He Was Mixed Up.

He—"You know I love you—will you marry me?"

She—"But, my dear boy, I refused you only a week ago."

He—"Oh! Was that you?"

It Has Happened Before.

As his relatives and friends are aware, George Wharton Pepper is a non-smoker.

Not long ago Mr. Pepper was about to entertain some distinguished guests whom he delighted to honor.

His first move in the direction of their entertainment was to procure and send to the house some particularly choice Havana cigars, which "set him back" to the tune of 50 cents each. But it seems the cigars arrived before it was made known at home that the guests were expected.

That evening Mrs. Pepper said to her husband, "Some cigars came for you today—evidently a gift from some one. Knowing you didn't smoke, I gave them to men who were working in the house."

A Difficulty.

The day of churches "beyond denominations" is here, and we give herewith another example of pressing on the good work: The mayor of a far inland town was about to engage a preacher for the new church.

"Parson, ye aren't by any chance a Baptist, be ye?"

"No, not necessarily. Why?"

"Wal, I was just a-goin' to say we have to haul our water twelve miles."

His Defense.

She was very much in love with him, and one evening while they were alone, she asked:

"Frank, tell me truly; you have kissed other girls, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "but no one you know."

A Good Reason.

"What makes you so positive that Jack is falling in love with you, Dorothy?"

"He's beginning to find fault with you and father."—Life.

"I wouldn't associate with him. I understand he's served a term in prison."

"That's true, but it was for an offense involving a million dollars or more; nothing really disgraceful, you know."

If I Send You this Suit

made to your measure, in the latest style, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles?

Could you use $5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal at once and say: *"Send me your special offer,"* I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my **surprising liberal offer. Address, L. E. ASHER, President**

Banner Tailoring Co.

Dept. 365 Chicago, Ill.

The Game the Snow Rat Played

(Continued From Page 4)

in a dandy place—right in the middle of a marsh. But the Company is getting tame nowadays, and they don't want any mussing-up. We got to let the Mounted settle all our troubles."

Slackwater Bill went out to look things over. When he returned the factor looked at him questioningly, fearing that the old snow rat might imagine that they had perpetrated a fake robbery. But Bill was both mad and friendly.

"It's sure my fight now," he declared. "You can send for your Mounted if you want to—but they're liable to find the job over when they get here."

The snow rat was grouchy that day, and they left him alone. But when night came, he insisted on standing guard. He took up his rifle and left the room as stealthy as an Indian. The factor sat by the fire, but he did not sing. He was bitterly homesick for the old days, when people didn't sit around and wait for the slow action of the law.

He could hear the thin, wailing voice of the wind among the spruce, like the sound of winter breezes blowing thru a frozen skull. The sound got on his nerves. He realized that he was getting old, that the wilderness was beginning to collect an account that was long over-due.

He called the clerk from his books, and they played several games of checkers before they turned in for the night. The next morning the sharp eyes of Noel Voyer discovered that a keg of powder was missing from the storehouse. Slackwater Bill cursed in three different Indian dialects.

"To think that them brutes came over here and done that right under my nose."

"They didn't," the factor decided. "That was the work of a native—some poor cuss who couldn't afford a breech-loading rifle. The poor critter is welcome to it."

AFTER breakfast, Slackwater went to bed. It was dark before he came crawling from his blankets.

"Going to stand watch tonight?" the clerk teased him.

"Not what you could notice—I'm going back to bed as soon as supper is over." He stopped to rub the sleep out of his eyes. "You better turn in early yourself—we got to go get them fox-skins tonight—that is, we'll have to get across the river before daylight."

"That's easier said than done," the factor warned. "They'll have somebody on watch—and the Company won't stand for any killing—remember that."

The old man dropped into a sleepy drawl. "I came from the Barren Grounds," he yawned. "Did you ever hear of any law up there—did you ever hear of any company that could interfere with a man's liberty in Black Fox Land?"

"The police are looking after things on the Slave," Tom Murry said with stubborn finality.

Slackwater Bill looked at the factor with half-closed eyes. "The other day you asked me why I turned down that job over on the Nelson—well that's it. I wouldn't let any man tie a string on me—and ten years in the Great Barren hasn't improved me any in that respect. I'm still a free agent—and take orders from nothing that walks, flies or swims. You do as I say—and we'll get the furs, and have them birds waiting for the police when they get here."

"I'm willing to take a reasonable chance to get the furs—but this don't look like a reasonable chance."

Slackwater Bill straightened his stooped shoulders. "Say, partner," he drawled. "Is a fellow who brings a bunch of fur like that out of the Barrens capable of looking after his own skin—or does he need a guardian?"

"What's your game, anyhow?" The singing factor began to scent strategy in the snow rat's apparent empty talk.

"No game at all," Bill denied. "You get across the river, and hide in that row of spruce you was speaking about the other day. Then if you should see a chance to get what belongs to you—say about sun-up or a little later—well just go to it, that's all." He refused to explain any further.

AN HOUR before daylight the old man routed them out. There was a long, cold wait for them over in the spruces, so they bundled up well before leaving. At daybreak, they had taken their places in the thicket.

A few minutes later, they saw a man come from the storehouse, gun in hand. He went over to the main cabin, and soon a thin thread of smoke was curling up from the chimney. The sun-rise had painted the snow to a bloody red on the far side of the Slave, and the two watchers were expecting Bill to start something.

It was nearly an hour later when they saw him coming thru the marsh. The cat-tails and swamp-grass was up to his waist—but they could see that he did not have his rifle with him. A quiver in the grass behind him told them that Babe was at his heels.

There had been several inches of water in the marsh when it froze up in the fall, but the flags and grass stood nearly three feet above the ice. The winter wind had bleached them to a tawny yellow, and they were as dry as tinder. It was this fire-trap the factor had spoken of two days before, when he told the snow rat that Meyers would have been burned out before sunset, if they had left it to him.

Slackwater called to the men in the cabin before they were aware of his presence. There was an instant commotion inside the building. The black muzzles of rifles peeped out of the loop-holes. But the old snow rat came slouching along as tho he expected them to be glad to see him.

The door was opened a fraction of an inch, and a voice bellowed out its throaty challenge: "You get to hell out of here—and keep out."

There was a whine in Slackwater Bill's

FREE IF YOU SEND TODAY FREE

$2.00 NEW DUPLEX STROPPING ATTACHMENT Duplex Hair Cutter and Stropper Complete Outfit for Only **$1.00**

After considerable experimental work we now have a perfect stropping attachment, with which anyone can put all four cutting edges in shape in a minute. We have found that at least one hundred perfect haircuts can be obtained by using this stropper. Cut out this ad and send it to us with **only $1.00 TODAY** and we will send you the stropper ABSOLUTELY FREE. Both DUPLEX HAIR CUTTER AND STROPPER, the Big $2.00 outfit for **ONLY $1.00.** This wonderful half price offer will not be repeated. Send TODAY.

PATENTED OCT. 8, 1918.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR EASIER THAN SHAVING

You do not need any experience or practice to use the **DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER.** It comes to you ready for instant use, and five minutes after you receive it you can have your hair cut better than it was ever cut before.

The **DUPLEX** will cut as closely or trim as long as you wish it to. No clippers or scissors are needed with the **DUPLEX;** it finishes the work completely. It cuts the front hair long and the back hair short. Trims around the ears, etc.

Inside of a very short time you will have to pay $2.00 for the **DUPLEX.** The price today is $2.00, but while our present stock lasts we will accept this advertisement the same as $1.00 Cash. Cut it out and send it with ONLY $1.00 and we will send you the **$2.00 DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER AND STROPPER** ready for instant use, postage paid, to any address. Agents wanted.

DUPLEX MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. T-12, DETROIT, MICH.

Bank of Commerce & Savings
Michigan Boulevard and Washington Street
CHICAGO
The Machine with the Sweetest, Purest, Strongest and Clearest Tone

$39.75

Yes—a machine superior in workmanship and tone quality to the ordinary $75 machine for only $39.75—a genuine black walnut machine, finished natural color, oak or mahogany, 40 inches high, and equipped with the finest quality double spring motor of the worm gear type—a machine that plays all makes of disc records better than you have ever heard them played before—for only **$39.75.**

It may seem too good to be true, but when you stop to consider the enormous savings effected

By Our Direct Offer—the elimination of the jobber's and dealer's profits together with the costly maintenance of their selling organizations—the freight, hauling and handling charges from the factory to the jobber and from the jobber to the dealer—the accounting and losses sustained in the case of so many superhouse [illegible]—the slow turn-over of the installment house calling on the monthly payment plan, together with the expensive catalogs, postage stamps, bookkeeping and collection expenses, attorney's fees, clerk hire, losses, etc.—all of which must eventually come out of the retail customer's pocket—you will realize why we can sell a better machine for $39.75 than the installment house sells for $75, and still make a fair profit for ourselves.

FREE As an extra inducement for prompt action, we will, for a limited time only, give five double records, $4.25 worth, **Free,** with every machine, so better not delay, but order an outfit at once on

30 Days FREE TRIAL

Send only $2 with the coupon, and this superb **Davis Phonograph,** together with $4.25 worth of records, will be forwarded to you at once, c. o. d. $37.75. When the outfit arrives, accept it and pay the c. o. d.—entertain your family and friends for full 30 days; then, if you are not more than pleased, return the outfit **at our expense,** c. o. d. $39.75, and the transportation company will get all your money back for you. **SAVES YOU $35.25**

This simple and direct method of doing business in addition to the cost of the free records is better grasp this opportunity at once.

THE TRIANGLEPHONE CO., Dept. D 1, May and 61st Streets, Chicago

Ship me, exactly as per your offer, one *Davis Phonograph,* Genuine Black Walnut, Natural Color [ ] Mahogany [ ] Oak [ ] as per your description. I enclose $2.00 and will pay transportation charges on delivery. I reserve the right to return outfit, c. o. d. $39.75 plus transportation charges, within 30 days after receipt, if I do not wish to keep same.

Name _____

Shipping Point _____

Address _____

"Cure Your Rupture Like I Cured Mine"

Old Sea Captain Cured His Own Rupture After Doctors Said "Operate or Death."

His Remedy and Book Sent Free.

Captain Collings sailed the seas for many years; then he sustained a bad double rupture that soon forced him to not only remain ashore, but kept him bedridden for years. He tried doctor after doctor and truss after truss. No results! Finally, he was assured that he must either submit to a dangerous and abhorrent operation or die. He did neither! He cured himself instead.

"Fellow Men and Women, You Don't Have To Be Cut Up, and You Don't Have To Be Tortured By Trusses."

Captain Collings made a study of himself, of his condition—and at last he was rewarded by the finding of the method that so quickly made him a well, strong, vigorous and happy man.

Anyone can use the same method; it's simple, easy, safe and inexpensive. Every ruptured person in the world should have the Captain Collings book, telling all about how he cured himself, and how anyone may follow the same treatment in their own home without any trouble. The book and medicine are **FREE.** They will be sent prepaid to any rupture sufferer who will fill out the below coupon. But send it right away—**now**—before you put down this paper.

FREE RUPTURE BOOK AND REMEDY COUPON.

Capt. W. A. Collings (Inc.)
Box 191D Watertown, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Rupture Remedy and Book without any obligation on my part whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

BUY OIL LANDS

Oil land is the foundation upon which all Oil Companies and all Oil Stock exists. Thousands of investors have made Thousands of dollars profit by investing in Oil. But Oil Lands are several degrees safer than Oil Stocks and as an investment you are "in" at the very bottom. Thru the Ex-Government Geologist and with the help of his former connections, we "tied up" a choice acreage of Oil Land some months ago.

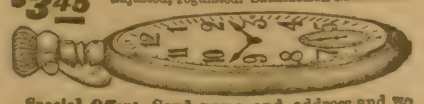
Now the Big Oil Companies have come in. One of them has completed a well and secured big flowing production. It is estimated over 200 rigs are now going up. We cannot handle all of this land. A few investors with small amounts can get in. Write at once for particulars. $100 to $500 invested here now may mean an income to support you forever. Write today requesting reservation for a specified amount until you can further investigate, if you mean business.

CONTINENTAL LAND CORPORATION

Suite 401 California Building, DENVER, COLORADO

Latest Model Guaranteed WATCH **$3.45**

Watch pricessmashed. Send no money. Here it is. The watch you always wanted. Gents' or boys' O. F. size, engraved or plain solid silveroid case, stem wind and set, adjusted, regulated. Satisfaction Guaranteed. **$3.45**



Special Offer: Send name and address and we will send this beautiful watch by parcel post. Pay $3.45 and watch is yours. Owing to advancing prices this offer for limited time only. Free—A gold plated chain and charm. FISHLEIGH WATCH CO., Dept. 1-20, Chicago, Ill.

THE MORNING DRINK OF **FRUIT-VIGOR BRINGS HEALTH**

The kind of health that needs no physic, pill, oil, mineral water, internal bath or enema. Gives relief, comfort, energy, or money back. Write for Further Information

STEWART FOOD CO., 104 N. First Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mexican White Sapphires, 75c

14K gold-filled Tiffany Ring for ladies or Tooth Ring for gents; guaranteed 10 years. We defy experts to tell this Ring from a genuine diamond. REG. $2.00 VALUE FOR 75c.

MEXICAN DIAMOND CO.,
Dept. 8, 430 Market St., Phila., Pa.

Send No Money

Just Coupon

When you see, examine and try on this beautiful stylish NU-SATIN Skirt, we believe that you will be so delighted with the wonderful value that you will want to keep it. Hence, our offer to send it without a cent of advance payment. Send no money. Merely mail coupon for try-on and examination. We want you to give this attractive, latest style skirt model a very critical inspection. Examine the superior quality of material, fine workmanship, elegant finish, the splendid fit and beautiful appearance before you decide to buy it. If you then want to keep it, pay on our remarkable easy terms as explained in coupon; if not, return at our risk and you'll be out nothing.

Nu-Satin Skirt

This extremely smart and stylish Nu-Satin Skirt is made on this season's latest, most popular model. Material is in great demand by exclusive dressers; wears better than silk or satin; guaranteed to retain its beautiful luster and handsome finish. It is closely shirred on to the belt in the back to make it perfect fitting over the hips. This graceful model has two large novelty pockets edged with rows of boxplaited fluting and trimmed with large fancy buttons which also trim front of the detachable belt. Colors: Navy Blue, Black or Green. Sizes, 23 to 32 inch waistband measure; 33 to 42 inch front lengths.

Don't Delay Act at once if you want to see this great bargain. Send no money. Mail coupon. Everything at our risk. Decide only after try-on and examination.

FREE Style Book

Money saving bargains for the whole family. Easy terms. Sent with skirt or write postal for your copy today.

SAVE | SAVE | SAVE | SAVE | | SAVE

STANLEY-ROGERS CO.
1015 Jackson Blvd., Dept. 205 Chicago

Send me the Nu-Satin Skirt No. R617. I agree to pay $2.80 on arrival. Balance in 3 monthly payments of $1.65 each until bargain price $7.75 is paid.

Width.....Length.....Color.....

If not perfectly satisfied after examination and try-on, I will return skirt and you will refund money paid.

Name.....

Address.....

SUIT Made to Order $14.00

Your choice of many beautiful fast color guaranteed fabrics, made in any style, perfect fit and complete satisfaction guaranteed, delivery charges prepaid and all extras free. All orders on approval. No sale unless you are well pleased.

AGENTS WANTED

We need a few more live ambitious hustlers who like to wear swell clothes and make $10 a day or more. Write today for fine new sample outfit, bigger and better than ever. Your name and address on a postal brings it free. Don't buy new clothes until you see our prices.

PARAGON TAILORING COMPANY
Department 549 Chicago, Ill.

A Special Factory Price Offer—The U. S. Army Munson Last Shoe at $3.95 and $4.85.

This U. S. Army Munson Last Shoe, Goodyear sewed, 1st grade, factory price to your home at only $3.95. Retails for $7.00. Made of the best waterproof tan elkskin leather. Uppers guaranteed for ten months' wear. Same in grade two made in heavy waterproof elk leather. Factory price to your home at only $3.95. State size you wish. Send in at once for a pair of these shoes. Order direct from this ad.

U. S. National Army Shoe Co.
Dept. B, Main St., Westfield, Mass.

ALL THIS FREE

Beautiful imitation Wrist Watch on adjustable leather strap. Gold plated Locket with 22 inch chain and these 4 handsome Rings all free for selling 12 pieces quick-selling Jewelry at 10 cents each. Write.

Eagle Watch Co.
Dept. 54, East Boston, Mass.

GALL STONES

A new booklet written by the well known specialist, Dr. E. G. Paddock, Trenton, Mo., tells of a simple home method of treatment for the inflammation and Catarrh of the Gall Bladder and Bile-Ducts associated with Gall Stones, from which remarkable results have been reported. Dr. Paddock sends the Booklet FREE. Write him TODAY for a copy.

voice as he answered them—a cringing whine that surprised the men who watched from the thicket.

"Say, you fellows are rotten—tried to cheat me and all that. You held my dogs for a little board-bill, but you are pretty good sports compared with that bunch across the river. Know what they done? Looted me clean, they did—stole my fox-skins out of their own furhouse. Now if you fellows can think anything up that's worse than that you are dandies. I'm heading back for the Barrens—but I stopped to make a bargain with you."

"This isn't bargain-day at our camp," the man at the door answered.

"I tell you Babe has got to see her pups before we leave for the north. She's been crying all the way over—and I promised her she should see them. If you don't, I'll sit up there in the spruces, and take a pot-shot at every son-of-a-gun that sticks his nose outside. Indians are tame, alongside of me when I get started."

"You old loon," the man laughed as he came swaggering out. "If that is all you want, come ahead. But don't start any monkey business."

"It's old Meyers himself," the singing factor whispered across to Noel. "He'd be a tough looking bird if he wasn't so beefy."

Three other men filed out behind the boss, each one with a rifle in the crook of his arm. Whatever Bill's game was, it didn't look as tho he would put it across. The gunmen evidently had been recruited in some city slum, where life is the cheapest thing in the whole world.

The wolf-dogs were turned loose, and Babe went bounding to meet them. The snow rat stood looking at them as the woolly pups ranted over their mother. He was the picture of despair.

"I can't bear to part them—I ain't got the heart to do it," Slackwater began to sob. "You can have Babe, too, fellows—be good to her. I won't have anything to feed her nohow—and she has got an awful appetite. Remember she is used to sleeping by the fire. She's a good old girl, even if she has got fleas."

Bill was swinging away thru the cat-tails, headed toward the river.

"No you don't," Meyers bellowed thru his bushy beard, "You don't wish any old flea-bitten slut like that on me. You take her with you—and and get to hell out of here."

"Remember, Babe, if he don't feed you and let you sleep in the house nights, all you got to do is to howl and keep him awake. They don't dare to shoot you, for they know it's bad luck to kill a yellow wolf-dog," Bill was calling over his shoulder as he hurried off.

THE men among the spruces could see that Babe had no intention of leaving her pups. They were sure this was part of Bill's game—but what that game was, they had no idea. But the old snow rat had told them to wait, and if they saw anything that looked good to them, just to wade in.

It was so comical that they forgot its serious side. There was the long legged snow rat trying to make his get-away—and Meyers and his men trying to shoo the yellow dog off the premises. After much yelling and stamping, they succeeded in forcing Babe into the cat-tails.

Then Slackwater Bill still in the vicinity of the cabin turned his back squarely against the eye of the wind. The men on the hill saw him stoop—and a puff of smoke and flame shot in front of him in both directions. In the wink of an eye it had separated him from the men who had dropped their guns to chase the dog—and both the cabin and the weapons were on Bill's side of the fire.

There was a ribbon of white powder-smoke floating in the air—a thin ribbon that curved like a new moon, from the river ice to the naked hillside just below the spruce thicket. Down wind from the line of smoke, the dry cat-tails were a mass of flames.

"There's where our keg of powder went—the old reprobate," the singing factor whispered as he blew the snow from the sights of his rifle.

From their position on the hill they could see Slackwater Bill running toward the cabin. Meyers and his thugs were trying to beat the fire to the open ice of the river. Then the smoke hid them from view.

The singing factor forgot all about his rheumatism, and started down hill on the jump. The clerk was at his heels.

The fur thieves were none too swift. They beat the fire by a few feet, but they had been running in the smoke too long to have any fight left in them. They slid out upon the ice, choking and half-blinded—and the singing factor and his clerk were waiting for them.

THE flame sputtered out when it reached the ice, and the cloud of smoke rolled off across the river. When the factor and his clerk had finished binding their prisoners, they looked back toward the camp. The buildings were made of green spruce logs, and what fire had fought past the wind, damaged them but little. Indeed, it already was dying out at the far side of the marsh.

Slackwater Bill sat on a stump out in front of the cabin. He had salvaged the bunch of rifles and had them lying across his lap. He had taken refuge in one of the buildings, but the three dogs had been chased clear over on the hillside.

"What you think about the old snow rat needing a guardian now?" he cackled gloatingly. "I told you them Mounted Police was going to come too late to see the fun. And say, by the way, you can take them insects you got there and keep them over at your place till the officers come—I don't want them hanging around my Fur Post—they'd scare away all the trade."

"What you talking about—your Fur Post?" the singing factor questioned sharply.

"Surest thing you ever knew," Slackwater Bill grinned. "You said I was a fool for turning down a factor's job over on the Nelson, and I'm taking your advice, and starting into business when the starting is good. I'd wait a long time before I got such an opening again—camp all built and furnished."

"You can find better locations than this—and I'll help you to get started. It's too close to the other post, there's bound to be friction. Shouldn't wonder if the Company had an opening for you somewhere." Tom Murry tried to talk him out of his notion. The old snow rat chuckled.

"Don't lose any sleep about hunting me a job with the Company—they tried to tie me up in leading strings ten years ago and failed—and they'll fail again," he said. "But you ain't going to lose any trade—not after them prices you made me on black-fox. You just send my furs to market along with your own—and keep plenty of grub and tobacco down here—and we'll get along fine as silk."

"If that's the way you feel about it, I'll get you a salary as post-keeper, and make everything regular and all right," Tom Murry rumbled his gratitude as he grabbed the skinny paw of the snow rat.

"No you don't, old timer," Slackwater put his foot down, "You can't tie no string like that on me without fighting. I'm factor of this here post, and I'm a free agent—free to eat your grub and smoke your tobacco—and you can carry a key to the fur-house, and help yourself. Now get them insects out of my sight—Babe has taken a dislike to them."

The singing factor waved a hand to his new neighbor as he headed up the river toward home, herding the fur thieves along in front of him. He knew there was no use trying to argue with the snow rat; for the snow rat wasn't the first man he had seen with that sort of a single-track, stubborn mind which the Great Barrens brands into men's souls.

* * *

Saying Good-by.

THERE is an old gentleman in Philadelphia approaching the 90 mark who still finds much zest in life, and, having retained all of his faculties, he feels that a few of the physical disabilities of age are of small account.

His nephew is a man of small tact, a fact which has always aroused the ire of the old man.

A few weeks before the old gentleman's 89th birthday this nephew, who had been over-weighted with business cares for years, started on a trip to Europe that was to consume a year.

"I have come to say good-by," announced the nephew to the old man. "I am starting abroad to be gone a year—perhaps longer. I thought I might never—well, you understand—I wanted to be sure to see you once more."

Whereupon the old man leaned forward, fixing his nephew with his bead-like eyes.

"Bill," he said impressively, "do you mean to tell me the doctor doesn't think you'll live to get back?"

* * *

Not What Was Claimed.

"SIR," said the sleek-looking agent, approaching the desk of the meek-looking man and opening one of those folding thingumajigs showing styles of binding, "I believe I can interest you in this massive set of books containing the speeches of the world's greatest orators. Seventy volumes, $1 down and $1 a month until the price, $680, has been paid. This set of books gives you the most celebrated speeches of the greatest talkers the world has ever known and ——"

"Let me see the index," said the meek man.

The agent handed it to him and he looked thru it carefully and methodically, running his finger along the list of names.

Reaching the end he handed the index back to the agent and said: "It isn't what you claim it is. I happen to know the greatest talker in the world, and you haven't got her in the index."

Your Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write b-13
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

STOP!

Would you be able to protect your family—if the danger came *tonight?* You *know* you owe it to them to have a good revolver in your home. Don't wait for the emergency. *Now* is the time to buy an

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

The *safe* revolver for the home. Safe because it *can't* go off by accident. You can literally "Hammer the Hammer." Strong, durable, straight shooting—the Iver Johnson is the revolver for your home.

Iver Johnson shotguns, too, are perfectly balanced, accurate, dependable, and conscientiously made throughout.

Send for these Free Books
A-"Revolvers" B-"Bicycles" C-"Motorcycles"

If your dealer cannot supply the Iver Johnson, send us his name and address. We will supply you through him.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
325 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
717 Market Street, San Francisco
99 Chambers Street, New York

Iver Johnson Revolvers are safe. You can "Hammer the Hammer"

MILEAGE FREE 5000 MILES GUARANTEED

with
Good-Wear Double Tread Tires
These Tires Represent Quality, Value, Service, Satisfaction

Over 30,000 satisfied customers speak for the wearing qualities and endurance powers of Good-Wear Double Tread Tires.

Good-Wear Tires are reconstructed by our super-process.

Good-Wear Tires reduce worries about punctures, blowouts, trouble and expense.

RELINER FREE.

Size	Tire	Tubes	Size	Tire	Tubes
30x3	$6.50	$1.75	32x4½	$10.25	3.15
30x3½	6.50	2.00	33x4½	10.50	3.20
32x3½	7.00	2.25	34x4½	10.75	3.25
31x4	8.00	2.50	35x4½	11.00	3.40
32x4	8.25	2.65	36x4½	11.50	3.50
33x4	8.50	2.75	37x4½	12.00	3.65
34x4	8.75	2.85	36x5	12.25	3.75
35x4	9.00	2.95	34x5	12.50	3.90
36x4	10.00	3.10	37x5	12.75	4.00

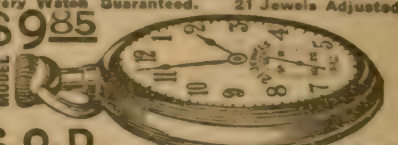
Send $2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. S. or Cl., plain or N. S. is desired—all same price. By sending entire amount of order you can save 5 per cent.—our special cash with order discount.

GOOD-WEAR TIRE & TUBE COMPANY
2307 Indiana Ave., Dept. 50, Chicago, Ill.

Elegant 21 Jewel Gold Filled Watch

Popular 16 size for men or 12 size for boys. Open face or hunting style case, very fine gold filled, plain polish or handsomely engraved. Fitted with an elegant movement, stamped and guaranteed. Every Watch Guaranteed. 21 Jewels Adjusted

$9.85



THIN MODEL

C. O. D. 21 Jewels

Our special price for a short time only, $9.85. Fully worth double. Send us your name and address and watch will be sent by parcel post. When you receive it pay Postman $9.85 and watch is yours. If not satisfied after ten days trial we will gladly refund your money. A 20-year gold filled double or single vest chain or a Waldemar chain and gold filled knife, only $2.75. ORDER NOW.

DIRECT SALES CO., Dept. 3A, 7732 Saginaw Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

THIS $33.00 MODEL KING TALKING MACHINE $10.98 1 YR. To Pay

On Record Purchase PLAN

Entertain! Enjoy the luxury of finest music—operas—monologs—minstrels, etc. Own the latest **hornless** King machine. Sweetest, clearest tone. Handiest, simplest to operate. We give you

FREE 30 DAYS TRIAL

This rich [illegible] model King machine sent with six records for 4 weeks of entertainment in your home. Return at our expense if not [illegible] Write for latest record list and [illegible] plan.

KING CO., Dept. 5-5200 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

50c. and $1.00 at druggists

Napoleon Once Said:

"A Footsore Army Is An Army Half Defeated."

Last year the government sent one million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder For The Feet to make our soldiers' and sailors' feet comfortable and fit for the kind of war they fought and finished.

The American, British and **French** troops used Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet, to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. For over 25 years **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE** has been the standard remedy for all aching, swollen, hot, tired feet, blisters and sore spots, and for the instant relief of corns, bunions and callouses. It freshens the feet, saves wear on the shoes and stockings, makes tight shoes feel easy and walking a delight.

Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease have solved their foot troubles.

Asthma
Hay Fever-Bronchitis

Sufferers should send for the proven home treatment that gives immediate ease and comfort. Stop choking and difficult breathing at once. No matter where you live, "how long standing" or what your occupation, you should have the reliable Atlas Free treatment for prompt relief. It's totally different—new in America—does not cause headaches, stomach disorder, rash or pain in joints. Goes direct to the seat of your ailment and stops suffering without interfering with your work.

FREE Treatment

Send No Money Trial Treatment Sent promptly without Cost or obligation. Mail Coupon today.

Atlas Medic. Co. Inc. Lockwood Bldg. Suffalo, N. Y.

Use this Coupon

Age.....Asthma-time.....
Hay Fever.....Bronchitis.....
When Severe.....
Heart trouble.....Condition.....
Name.....
31 Address.....

FINDING THE WEAK SPOT

Don't make the fatal mistake and neglect "Backache" or other occasional twinges of pain. Don't think that it will always "pass away." Find the weak spot that is the cause. It may be that they are the first warnings that the kidneys are not working properly and throwing off the poisons as they should. If this is the case, the less time wasted in remedying the defect the better for you.

Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules will soon dispel your aches and pains and chase out of your system the uric acid poison which is generally at the bottom of them. Take a capsule or two each day for a while after your health has been restored, and prevent a return of your trouble. The old-fashioned Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules is the National remedy of Holland for bodily ills. Get them at any drug store, but insist on Gold Medal. In sealed packages, three sizes.

Old Postage Stamps and Envelopes

Look in your attic for old letters, anything mailed from 1845 to 1875. Some of the early ones from 1845 to 1847 may have special stamps attached which bear the name of the town where mailed and which were issued by the postmasters in early days before regular United States stamps were printed. Some of these are quite valuable. Send in anything you may find, to me for inspection and I will immediately advise what I can pay for it. I am a private collector of postage stamps—not a dealer. Have nothing to sell, but am willing to buy some of the early stamps and envelopes to help complete my collection. You need have no hesitancy in forwarding stamps to me for inspection and as to my reliability I refer you to the Advertising Manager of The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger.

Address Harold C. Brooks, Box 144, Marshall, Michigan.

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer

Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus Pa.

Wrist Watch Given

You can get the fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' 26 Year Sets, fine baskets, Ja Valliere and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10 cts. each. Order 20 pictures when sold, send the $2.00 and choose premium wanted, according to big list. MAY AMT CO., Dept. 17, CHICAGO.

The Silver Spike

(Continued From Page 17)

driving right into the field. "What the devil!" he muttered.

"That's Soracco driving!" Bigelow explained.

Across the cinder path and into the center field the truck made its laborious way, coming to a standstill in the very center of the inner oval. And then it was that Bigelow and Murdock saw that its body was equipped as a miniature stage.

The trainer immediately addressed Soracco. "What in the devil does this mean?" he demanded.

The famed mystic smiled. He was minus his iron-gray goatee. "I'm here to entertain the spectators free between times," he said. "The university authorities have granted me permission to make my pitch here. Any objections?"

Murdock regarded him in puzzlement. Soracco didn't look like a crook. "What do you know about Walter Kearny?" he asked finally. "Tales linking your name with that of Singleton, a criminal lawyer of Brentwood, are rampant. It is said that Kearny is to be kept from competing in the meet. What do you know about it?"

Again Soracco smiled. "So? Benson—he's my press agent—will be amused when I tell him that. But as for——"

"First call for the hammer!" bawled a man thru a big leather megaphone, and something in the magician's manner caused the coach's pulse to quicken.

For, no sooner had the call sounded than Soracco jumped down from the driver's seat and up onto the truck's rear end. An employe who had sat beside him blew a call on a bugle, and all eyes centered on the truck.

From a curtained-off portion of the truck, the conjurer rolled forth a huge wooden box. A silent performance, he was billed for. Lifting the box's hinged lid, he turned the box about, that all might view its empty interior. The lid flapped down.

"Second call for the hammer!" bawled the announcer.

Suddenly the box's lid shot open; and just as suddenly the Hazelton bleacherites went wild with enthusiasm. For, fully togged in a Hazleton uniform, a leather hammer-case in hand, Walter Kearny, a smile on his lips, stepped from the box and leaped lightly to the ground.

CHAPTER XII.

RECALLED FROM THE PAST.

ALICE MURDOCK, perched high up on the east bleachers, as was her custom, was as surprised as anybody in the crowds that thronged the grand stands at Walter Kearny's mystical arrival in the packing box. She realized, tho, that it was nothing more than the clever trick of a conjurer—perhaps a double bottom, or something of that nature.

But the coach's daughter was not astonished, as were several others, that the hazel-eyed hammer-thrower had arrived on the grounds in time to participate in his favorite events. Today was the most critical period in Hazelton's athletic history. If, today, Brentwood should register her third consecutive victory on track and field, no longer would there be the Norton trophy to fight for. It was vital that Hazelton win this time, and the hammer-thrower's presence would help a lot.

She turned to watch Kearny lug his hammer-case from the fenced stadium, around to the open field on the east—whose area was in plain sight when she looked over the back of the bleachers.

"Changed, isn't it?" a mild voice inquired, and she found herself looking into the quiet, melancholy eyes of a man in his late forties, who had dropped to the seat beside her.

There was something disarming in the newcomer's bearing, something which caused Alice to take no offense at his having presumed to address her, a total stranger. Albeit, there was something vaguely reminiscent in his careworn face. One rough hand pointed to the flat, open field where the hammer men even now were gathering, as he repeated: "Changed, isn't it?"

Miss Murdock caught her first glimpse of the Distinguished Service Cross pinned to the stranger's brown coat. "Oh," she intimated. "You mean changed from the way it was before the war?"

He nodded. "Practically all the old landmarks are gone. Somewhere over there"—his hand gestured again to the field—"the old track—bigger than this one—was located, twenty-five years ago."

"You must have lived in this vicinity a long time," she ventured. There was something in the slight, middle-aged man's demeanor that bred confidence. Somehow she couldn't regard him as a fresh stranger. The facial lines were too sterling. And then she sensed the reason for the familiarity of his figure. "You—you sat next to me in the theater last night," she said softly. "You asked Madame Rhea a question, too. You asked her where M. was."

He looked at her more closely. The scarred cheek was on the side away from her, as it had been in the theater. "I—I didn't notice you particularly," he faltered. "I guess I didn't pay much attention to anybody last night. But I bore you, perhaps," he finished quietly, and would have turned away.

"Not at all," she restrained him. "On the contrary, you interest me very much." And he did interest her—much after the fashion of Norton, the talkative old coach. "You say you lived in Circle City twenty-five years ago?"

He nodded. "I attended Hazelton University in the old days," he divulged. "Then the war came, and——" His lips closed and grim lines showed at the corners of his firm mouth.

She didn't speak for a moment, contenting herself with regarding his fine old face in silence. The meet proper would not commence until the hammer-throw was decided.

Again the little man pointed to the open field with its four gray corner posts. "Somewhere out there," he said softly, reminiscently, "lies consecrated ground—to me."

Her eyes must have betrayed her interest, for he peered into her face as tho he sought to read her very thoughts. "Sometimes it seems as tho I can keep my story to myself no longer," he murmured. "I simply long to share it. I did once—to a man connected with Soracco's company—and I felt the better for it."

"I have always been interested in anything bearing on the older days here," she prompted. Then the full significance of his former statement—about "consecrated ground"—struck her. "You," she asked a little nervously—"you aren't the man with the spade? The man who dug in that field in the night?" Already his personality had woven a spell over her—as it had over one Arthur Busy Benson a few evenings before.

"I am he," he admitted shyly. "And always I have dug in vain."

"But what were you digging for?" Her voice betrayed her eagerness. The spirit of adventure was with her. She must hear this man's story, despite the conventions. But, be it recalled, the conventions today are not as stern as they were twenty-five years ago—the decade of the war.

"M. was my wife—Martha," he began. "We were both orphans, and we attended Hazelton University together. In our junior year we became engaged—one moonlight night, as we walked home from a rally in the amphitheater."

Unconsciously he had struck a responsive chord in her. No doubt he wondered at her quickened breathing.

"And that same night we buried the medal together—at the corner of the old vaulting pit."

"The medal?" She looked her astonishment.

"It will sound foolish to you, no doubt," he explained, a trace of reserve in his voice. "Perhaps even silly. But remember, we were both young then. I had come to Hazelton a roughneck—green, capable of doing nothing well, be it sport or study. And the trainer made an athlete of me—a point-winner—a champion—the trainer and the college. All I ever achieved on track and field I owed to the patience of the coach and the good will of the college. And that was why Martha and I buried the medal here on the campus. It was the first medal I had ever won, and we were proud of it. I won many more before graduation; my main event was the pole vault. But we considered that the medal did not really belong to me—that rightfully it belonged to the college—the college that had made a man of me." He paused.

"And that is what you have been digging for—a medal?" Her voice was soft and sympathetic, yet perplexed. The idea almost struck her as being silly, at first. "The medal was all you searched for?" she asked.

"No; the medal wasn't all, miss," he smiled wanly. "But perhaps you don't care to listen longer to the prattling of an old man. To us—Martha and me—the burying of that medal was a bit of tender sentiment. It symbolized much to us."

"But I do want to hear more—I want to hear all," she pleaded. "I—I do understand how you felt about it. I—I don't think it was silly, at all." And her voice told him that she meant what she said.

"After we were graduated we were married," he continued. "Then the United States entered the war. I applied and was admitted to an officers' training camp and came out with a lieutenancy. The hour of parting came, and it was hard for Martha to bear. Our married life had been very happy."

Instinctively she leaned closer to hear the better.

"My wife was always subject to what she called premonitions," the old soldier added. "The idea seized her that the

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., BOX E, South Bend, Ind.

FREE!

Write today for a free trial bottle of D.D.D. If you have eczema, psoriasis, ringworm, pimples, scales, rashes, or any skin ailment, mild or violent, D.D.D. will bring you instant relief. It is a scientific compound of oil of wintergreen, glycerin, and other ingredients. This prescription is known to skin specialists to be uniquely successful in the treatment of skin diseases. Write today for free trial bottle.

D. D. D.

The Standard Skin Remedy

D. D. D. is the logical remedy. It is a penetrating liquid. It works its way right into the tiny pores where the disease germs are lodged, and cleanses them of impurities. The relief is instant. As soon as you apply D. D. D. to that burning, biting, itch, it will bring cool comfort and rest. Now you can get D. D. D. in a small trial bottle. Write today. Hundreds of grateful people all over the world are recommending it to their friends. Prove to yourself that what others say is true, but don't wait. Get instant relief.

Write Today
For Free Trial Bottle

Do this today. For a limited time only we will make this offer. We do it because we know that D. D. D. will do the same for you that it has done for others. Send for D. D. D. and as soon as you apply it to that burning itch it will bring instant relief. Enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send today without fail.

D. D. D. Laboratories
3845 E. Ravenswood Park, Dept. C501, Chicago

Don't Wear A Truss!

After Thirty Years' Experience We Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

WE SEND IT ON TRIAL

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon

The Above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured, Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It gives instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON
Brooks Appliance Company
316 G State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

WATCH, RING AND CHAIN GIVEN

We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind and Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time keeper, 6-year guarantee; Sparkling Set or Plain Ring all for selling 30 of our easy to sell Jewelry articles at 10c. each. When sold send $3 & we'll send Watch & Ring. Ladies' or Gents' style chain. Home Supply Co., Dept. 610, Chicago, Ill.

DULL EARS MADE SHARP

Haven't you often thought if your ears could be sharpened up a little you'd be quite all right? Now will you let yourself be shown how that may be done right in your own home? And no one need know anything about it (unless you want to tell them).

Just sign your full name and address, and mail to **Ear Specialist Sproule, 306 Trade Building, Boston.**

This Coupon entitles readers of this paper to consultation free on Deafness.

FULL NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

By return mail a letter will be sent telling you about the causes of your Ear Trouble, and how it may be treated right in your own home and this advice won't cost you a penny. No matter how slight nor how long standing you think your trouble is, get an opinion about it through Specialist Sproule's Method of Home Treatment for Ear Troubles.

Specialist Sproule, (Founder and Originator of this Method) has been in the business of sharpening dull ears for over thirty years. After graduating and receiving his medical degree from Dublin University, he devoted himself to the study of Ear Troubles so that instead of becoming a local physician, he became an Ear Specialist originating a Method of Home Treatment which has had patients in nearly every quarter of the globe.

In these years of practice, Specialist Sproule and his assistants have learned to know much of the suffering caused by the loss of good hearing. Letters come daily asking help that the sufferer may no longer be shut out from the companionship of friends—from the joys of the home circle. Some contain the appeal—"Doctor, I fear I may lose my job at any moment, and then who will hire a deaf man?"

And so we say with conviction—

Get advice upon your Ear Troubles for fear they become serious.

You will be told of people right in your own section of the country, perhaps in your own town, that have been rid of Deafness by this Method. The grateful friends of this Method are numerous and will gladly tell you about their cases. Don't let your case become more serious through delay.

Write today for advice on your Ear Troubles.

EAR SPECIALIST SPROULE,
306 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS

Better Than Pills For Liver Ills.

NR Tablets tone and strengthen organs of digestion and elimination, improve appetite, stop sick headaches, relieve biliousness, correct constipation. They act promptly, pleasantly, mildly, yet thoroughly.

NR Tonight, Tomorrow Alright

ACTS ON THE LIVER STOMACH KIDNEYS and BOWELS
Nature's Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR
PROPRIETARY A.H.LEWIS MEDICINE CO. ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.
15 TABLETS NR

Get a 25c. Box.

Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day, for it is not a habit but a Disease. If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write today for a **Free Package** of our **Harmless Remedy.** When **permanently relieved** tell your friends about it. Send no money.

Address **ZEMETO CO.,** Dept. 8, Milwaukee, Wis.

Medicine FREE!

ALL FREE

Beautiful imitation Wrist Watch Bracelet, fine lavalier with chain and ring guaranteed all free for selling only 6 boxes Mentho Nova Salve at 25c. Wonderful for colds, cuts, burns, catarrh, etc. Order today.

U. S. Supply Co., Box 221, Greenville, Pa.

Don't Endure PILES

A Full Treatment of my mild, soothing remedy for **Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles** sent on trial. If results are satisfactory costs you $1.50. If not, costs nothing. You are the judge. Write today.

H. D. POWERS, Dept. 110. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

war was to separate us—that we might never meet again. I tried to laugh her fears away, but she was very earnest.

"'If anything happens,' she told me over and over again, tears in her eyes—'If anything goes wrong and you don't find me when you return, go to the spot you know, on the Hazelton campus, at the corner of the old vaulting pit. You will find a message from me there, even if something happens to me. Because I'll sense the coming of disaster. I always do.'"

His eyes filled as he paused, his voice choked.

"She was all unstrung, miss, and it made me feel bad," he went on after a little. "I couldn't seem to comfort her. I could see that she feared nothing for herself; it was all for me. This was before Hazelton University was transformed to a training camp. I saw some heavy fighting, soon after I got over there," his voice grew clearer. "I wrote Martha regularly, and received letters from her until——"

"Until?" His quiet, attractive personality fascinated Alice Murdock. She was paying no attention to the athletes competing on the field. The climax of the hammer-throwing contest was near at hand, but she knew nothing of it. "Until?" she repeated.

"It was a night raid into the enemy lines—every one of us had volunteered. Not one of us returned—that night. Ambushed, we were. This scar——" he turned his left cheek—"came from a bayonet thrust that grazed the cheekbone.

"The less I speak of the months that followed, the better. You have read in your histories of the lot of the prisoner of war in central Europe. I heard no more from Martha. I doubt if she received the card I was allowed to send.

"I was a nervous wreck, overworked, underfed, when the glad tidings arrived that fateful November day of 1918. An armistice had been signed, on the Allies' terms; and one of those terms stipulated our release—the return to our own."

He paused to hazard a glance over the back of the bleachers to the weight field. "That man made a remarkable throw, if I am any judge," he remarked.

"That was Walter Kearny." She flushed. "But your story——"

Her companion sighed. "I learned I had been reported missing in action. I was awarded the honor emblem. I managed to get a cable off to Martha, but I received no reply. I wrote, and waited miserable months for a letter. None came.

"The feeling was growing stronger within me that something had happened to Martha—that her premonition had not erred. Heavy-hearted I was, when the demobilization orders arrived. The hours seemed ages. But finally I reached Howell, where we had made our home. My direst forebodings were fulfilled. Not a trace of Martha could I find. Few even remembered her. All I could learn was that she had moved from the town. For months I searched neighboring cities; but I searched without result. The Government allowance warrants had been returned unclaimed.

"And then, like a flash, came recollection of what she had told me the day we parted. As you may imagine, I lost little time getting to Circle City—to the campus. But when I saw the changes that had been wrought during my absence, I was dismayed. Not a trace of the old athletic field remained. It might as well never have existed. I questioned folks who always had lived here—but none of them could locate with any certainty a single landmark of the track.

"I had been photographed the day I won the pole vault championship. And the photo showed a portion of the field, especially the background of the woods above. If I had a copy of that picture, I felt that possibly I might figure from it the spot where the vaulting pit had lain. But the only copy I owned had been confiscated when I was taken prisoner by the Germans.

"Disconsolate, I remained in Circle City only a couple of days. I began to realize that, even if I located the spot where the pit had been, there was little likelihood that anything buried at its corner would still remain there. They told me the field had been zig-zagged with trenches. Only by a miracle could the medal, and anything Martha might have placed beside it, have remained untouched.

"Broken-hearted, I returned to France. For years I remained there, aiding in the reconstruction work—trying to forget. And that, Miss, covers my story up to last week, when, chancing to stroll past one of the Brentwood College buildings, I caught sight, thru a window, of a perfect reproduction of the photograph taken of me so many years ago. Some one had honored me by having the likeness engraved on the trophy Brentwood and Hazelton are fighting for today—the Norton cup, the Brentwood caretaker informed me.

"I don't know why, but fresh hope dawned. I came here and rented a little cabin off the campus, and, a vivid recollection of the picture's every detail in my mind, a week ago last night I came to the campus to dig.

"But the results were discouraging. The black leaning oak stump yonder"—

$1 Send for this Complete Kitchen Cabinet

Everything right at hand—thousands of steps saved—work done so much sooner. That is what it means to have one of these complete up-to-date Kitchen Cabinets. Every convenience you can think of—all in one place. Send for it on approval. Keep it only if you are delighted with it.

Sturdily built of hardwood in rich golden color. Wood knobs and handles. Large china cupboard with grilled wood doors which have crystal glass panels. 3 utility drawers. Large sliding sugar bin. Extension bread board. 2 cutlery drawers, 2 sliding flour bins, each 50 lbs. capacity. Shpg. weight about 165 lbs. Shipped from factory in central Indiana or Chicago warehouses.

See How Every Article Is Right At Hand

Try It 30 Days—FREE

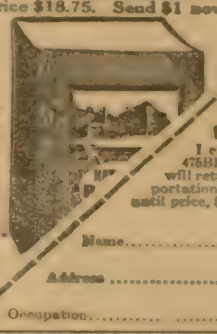
Send only $1 now. We will ship the Kitchen Cabinet and you can use it 30 days. Then if not a wonderful work saver and all you expect, ship it back. We will refund your $1 and pay transportation both ways. Don't hesitate. We know so well what you will think of this cabinet that we gladly take the risk. Mail the coupon or write a letter today.

Order by No. 475BMA7. Price $18.75. Send $1 now. Pay balance $2 monthly.

FREE Bargain Catalog

Get our big catalog showing thousands of bargains in furniture, carpets, rugs, silverware, jewelry, sewing machines, phonographs, stoves, ranges, dishes, kitchenware, vacuum sweepers, farm equipment, etc.—all on Hartman's easy credit terms. Many color pages.

Hartman Furn. & Carpet Co.
3926 Wentworth Ave.
Dept. 2035 Chicago, Ill.



Hartman Furniture and Carpet Company
3926 Wentworth Avenue
Dept. 2035 Chicago, Ill.

I enclose $1. Send me Kitchen Cabinet No. 475BMA7. If not satisfied after 30 days' trial, I will return it, you to refund my $1 and pay transportation both ways. If I keep it, will pay $2 monthly until price, $18.75, is paid.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Your Chances of Losing on Your Texas Oil Investment

Shown by This Free Statistical Map

We have prepared a Statistical Map No. A-4 of the Texas Oil Fields which shows amount of production, location of producing property and your exact chances of losing on your investment.

This Map shows you your chances of losing or winning, just as the mortality tables of the life insurance companies show the average life of a man. Nothing like it anywhere else.

Mail us a postal asking for a copy of Map and it will be sent to your address with our personal compliments.

PRUDENTIAL SECURITIES CO.
Dep't 115 Houston, Texas

BOYS! Get 25 Customers

For The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger

We want boys everywhere to sell The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Our agents make 2c profit on every Saturday Blade they sell, 2c on every Chicago Ledger and 2c on every Lone Scout.

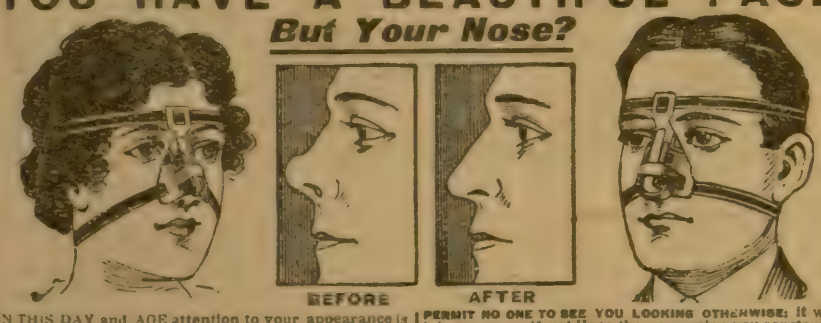
25 People Taking the Blade and Ledger Would Give You $1.00 a Week Profit.

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers. Each active agent is appointed a Lone Scout by Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts of America, who sends the badge, certificate of membership and booklet of instructions free. Just send me a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers," and sign your name and address carefully.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 15, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

But Your Nose?



IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1288 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.

I am paying
$2.00 An HOUR
for **SPARE TIME**

If you are making less than $3,600 a year grasp this opportunity for big, permanent, increasing business, without investment. We want men and women to take orders for the famous Comer raincoats. Everybody needs one. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $4.98. Sixty-five fabrics. New styles for men, women and children, made to order. We deliver and collect for you. You get your profit in advance.

I WILL PAY YOU $2,500

clean, clear profit for your time this year if you will send me four average orders a day. You can do that and not half try.

McCRARY MADE $4,000

working part of the time during past year. Cooper works four hours a day and averages $75 a week. Maher's commissions for one day, $53.30. Grace Irvine, $17 in one day. Hundreds making big profits easy.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. We teach you quick. Show samples in style book, mention prices and you get the orders. That's all, and that's easy.

FREE SAMPLE—A beautiful raincoat free for you to wear in taking orders. Write now for full particulars. This is your chance. Grab it. Make $2.00 an hour spare time or $3,600 a year. Write now. Mail the Coupon.

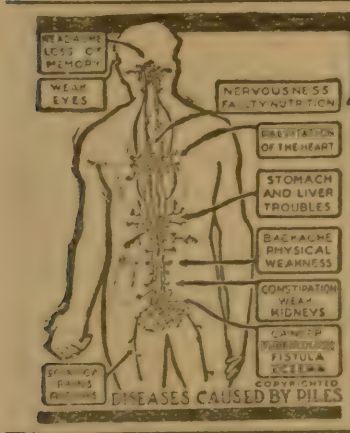
THE COMER MFG. CO.,
Dept. B-150, Dayton, Ohio.

MAIL NOW
The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. B-150, Dayton, Ohio

Tell me how I can make $80 to $100 a week as your agent, and build a big profitable business without investing any money.

Name .....
Address .....
.....

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW



PILES
CAUSE MANY DISEASES
—due to constant strain on Sympathetic Nervous System.

Medicines, Hot Springs or surgery avail you nothing. You will never be rid of such troubles until your piles are cured. The proof of this is, you have never gotten any permanent relief, and you cannot so long as you have PILES. **I cure every case of Piles I treat by my Mild Serum-Like Treatment or you need not pay me a cent.** My treatment has been tested over twenty years and thousands of former sufferers in all parts of the United States testify to **a complete cure.** Names sent on request.

WRITE TODAY FOR BOOK ON RECTAL DISEASES and My 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER

DR. McCLEARY

FREE
320 Parkview Hotel
10th and Paseo
KANSAS CITY, MO.

ALL THESE FREE

Secret Locket and Neck Chain, Pendant and Neck Chain, imitation Wrist Watch with Silk Ribbon Bracelet and these FOUR lovely Rings. ALL Given FREE to anyone selling only 12 of our latest Jewelry Novelties at 10c a card.
L. A. Dale Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

5-Passenger Automobile FREE

A fine new 1919 5-passenger touring car will be given away absolutely free to some one who acts right away. You can be the happy and proud owner of this auto. Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning these autos, etc. They win because they are prompt. As soon as they see the ad and puzzle they go to work and solve it.

Answer This Ad Quick —Solve the Puzzle!!

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give way. In the scenery and around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Can you find them? Try it. If you do, we will give you a beautiful present.

Free Surprise Present for Solving Puzzle

When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., of the beautiful free surprise present which we will send you. You will delight in owning this present.

Auto Given Away

We will also make you a present of a Certificate good for 2,000 free auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free. **Men, Women, Boys and Girls** you can also win in addition to auto, splendid prizes such as phonographs, jewelry, silverware, bicycles, cameras, and things you like, without contest. We'll also send you a copy of two (10c) national publications.

You Can't Lose in this greatest and most liberal contest ever offered. Write your name and address plainly, and enclose 4 cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., and the FREE Surprise Present.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. 3, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

he pointed to it—"I remembered well. But it was not a sufficient guide. I needed one more mark; then I could have found the approximate spot by means of triangulation.

"Hopeless as the task seemed, I dug Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday nights. Saturday and Monday I was interrupted, and fled. I felt too embarrassed to stay and face a watchman. But Monday night one of the watchers pursued me, and caught me. He was friendly, however, and in my cabin I told him what I have told you. He promised to help me. I doubt if he can, but I'm here in hope that——"

She waited for him to continue, but he seemed to have nothing more to say. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Kearny trudging back to the inclosure, one arm held high. Exultantly, she knew he had won the hammer-throw. "I thank you for your story," she addressed her older companion, then eyed him quizzically. "You must have known Mr. Norton; he was coach here in your time. You must have known others he has told me about, too. One athlete in particular, Neely Hawkins—he pole-vaulted and ran the quarter-mile. Mr. Norton spoke of him only the other day. He said if Neely Hawkins could have seen Walter Kearny run the quarter he did last Saturday he would have been delighted. Did you know him?"

"Miss," the slight, gray-haired man said slowly, "I am Neely Hawkins."

And at that moment, jostling his way thru the crowds toward them, in his arms the silver trophy that was being fought for today, a glad light of recognition in his eyes, recognition of one he had not seen for years—came a true sport and a gentleman, Seth Norton, ex-Hazelton coach.

CHAPTER XIII.
MAIL FOR KEARNY.

THE unexpected appearance in the conjurer's box of Walter Kearny affected different people in different ways. In general, the impression was one of amazement; but there are different kinds of amazement.

As for Frank Bigelow, short and red-headed, he was nearly startled out of his wits when the box's lid was tilted back. Murdock, at his side, was little less dumfounded. But sheer joy at his reappearance in time to be of use to the college speedily became the foremost of their emotions.

"Where in North America have you been, Walt?" yelped the hammer-thrower's roommate.

But Kearny was in a hurry. "Tell you about it later, Frank." And he was off for the weight field.

Murdock exchanged a few cordial words with Soracco, then turned to the little grenade-thrower. "For the love of Mike, Big!" he exclaimed, "why aren't you in your track suit? Don't you know the grenade call will come in no time? Beat it for the tent and make the change. Don't stand gaping like a ninny."

His eyes shallower-looking than ever, Bigelow started to obey. On his way to the tent he recollected the package and letter that had come by special delivery. He had not forgotten to bring them, and he took them from his pocket as he hastened his steps.

The amazement of Clarence Miles, who had been in the act of emerging from the Hazelton dressing tent when the truck rolled into the field had been of a different sort than Bigelow's. An ugly frown had marred his light countenance when the absent athlete was materialized. Chagrin, defeat, strove to obtain the mastery over him. "Was Singleton handing me bull, or has his scheme gone askew?" he asked himself nervously, as he retreated into the tent, to await his call.

But perhaps no one's bewilderment bordered so nearly on rage as did Singleton's. Making his way to the west bleachers with Bilky Andrews when the truck had driven in, he had wheeled, on being nudged by his cataract-eyed companion, and almost in a frenzy had witnessed the subsequent proceedings.

"I can't understand it," he mumbled uncertainly to the Brentwood caretaker. "How in the devil can he have reached here so soon?"

Bilky's good eye blinked. Bilky was at a loss for words.

"Nick Parrott called me up less than half an hour ago at the Austin House," the shyster continued his monologue. "He said Kearny was still in tow, and that they couldn't possibly start till 2 o'clock."

"Maybe he balked at the last minute," suggested Andrews, who was not a deep thinker.

"But what if he did balk, you rube! How could he have made the trip in half an hour?"

Bilky was silent for a moment. "He couldn't have come on the airplane mail?" he had an inspiration.

But Singleton, big and furious, quickly poured cold water on the notion "Airplane mail from Bolton? Your ignorance is amazing. They hardly know what an automobile is there, let alone an airplane. The Bolton mail travels by stage coach."

"Oh!" And Andrew lapsed into silence. But it was broken shortly. "Couldn't Nick Parrott be handing you

Resinol will stop that itch

$1 a week BLACK BEAUTY

The world's most magnificent bicycle—Black Beauty! Built in our own big factory, of the finest materials obtainable and with 18 Exclusive Features, yet costs no more than an ordinary wheel—we ship direct at wholesale price. No middlemen's profits! Absolute 5-yr. guar. and free accident insurance. WRITE TODAY for Catalog (in colors) FREE. 20 styles. Tell us model you want. Send no money—we ship at our own risk. No waiting. Keep wheel, or return at our expense. If accepted pay small deposit, then $1 a week.

Sundries Get our factory prices. Lowest in the country. TIRES, lamps, horns, etc.—everything for cyclists. Free Sundries Catalog.
HAVERFORD CYCLE CO., Dept K 71 Philadelphia

Elegant Thin Model Guaranteed Watch
STEM WIND
$6.95

C.O.D. PARCEL POST — STEM SET

We will send this elegant thin model, 16 size for men or boys, open face screw back and bezel, solid roll gold plated case guaranteed 5 years, fitted with a genuine 7 ruby jewel finely tested movement, regulated and fully guaranteed a reliable timekeeper, a handsome and durable watch; when you receive it pay your postman $6.95 only and this is yours. Order at once, this offer may not appear again. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Give your full postoffice address, box or street number.
Boston Jewelry Co., 39 W. Adams St., A-25 **Chicago, Ill.**

GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER AND DREAM BOOK

Know thy future. Will you be successful in Love, Marriage, Health, Wealth and Business? Tells fortunes by all methods, cards, palmistry, tea cup, zodiology, etc. Gives lucky and unlucky days; interprets dreams. 10 cents by mail postpaid. Earn money telling fortunes.
SUN BOOK & PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. B, 1215 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Is Tuberculosis So Fatal a Disease After All?

Dr. Glass has positive proof that he has discovered a successful remedy, used at home in any climate, with no return of the disease. For further information address
The T. F. Glass Inhalant Co., 80 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. (Formerly of Los Angeles, Cal.)

YOUR HEART

Try Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets
In use 25 years. 1000 References Furnished. $1.00 per box at druggists. Trial treatment mailed free. Address
Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 866, Augusta, Maine

BECOME A GRADUATE Practical Nurse

You can earn $18 to $30 a week in this noble profession. Positions everywhere. Our simple, easy, home study course fits you for this interesting calling. No special preliminary education necessary. You can learn the course in five to ten weeks' spare time by our SPECIAL training SYSTEM. Low tuition in easy payments. Diplomas granted. Write TODAY for FREE sample lesson.
WALTER SCHOOL OF NURSING
1569 N. Halsted Street, Box 55, CHICAGO

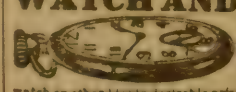
START A MOVING PICTURE SHOW
NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

Make Money Fast
We sell complete, guaranteed machine and outfit on easy terms
OPENINGS EVERYWHERE
SUCCESS FOR YOU NOW
National Moving Picture Co.
Dept. E, 537 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

$3 a Month and $4 Will Buy

a Beautifully Reconstructed
TYPEWRITER
With Every Modern Writing Convenience
Write Today for Illustrated Circular Explaining Try Before You Buy Plan
HARRY A. SMITH
537, 218 North Wells St., - CHICAGO, ILL.

WATCH AND RING FREE



High grade men's and women's sizes. Thin model. Ten year guarantee. Sell 30 of our beautiful art and religious pictures at 10c. Everybody wants them. When sold send us the $3.00 and choose watch or other highly desirable prize from our big list. You can sell the pictures in one day. Send your name and address today.
CAMBRIDGE ART CO., 1703 Cambridge Bldg., Dept. 126 CHICAGO

a double-cross?" he ventured.

Singleton was thoughtful as he could be for a minute. "I think Nick's trustworthy," he said finally. "He always has been. Still——"

Bilky was encouraged to elaborate. "Couldn't Nick have been secretly in cahoots with Benson? Couldn't he have phoned you from a much nearer locality than Bolton without your knowing the difference?"

"By George, Bilky! I wonder! But——"

"Benson and Parrott—if they are in together—will sure make a clean-up, with Kearny in it," the Brentwood caretaker conjured up a picture distressing enough.

The criminal lawyer bit his lip. "I think I did trust too much to the honesty of that Benson," he muttered uneasily. "But the game's not entirely up yet, Bilky. Even with Kearny in it we have a chance. With Miles fixed to lay down in the quarter and the relay, there's no such thing as a certainty of Hazelton's winning. But I'm hanged if I'm going to stay here any longer and have another brainstorm. I'm going to strike Kearny himself and find out where Nick really is."

He would have put his words into action had not, at that moment, a gentleman standing directly behind the pair tapped him lightly on the shoulder. Singleton wheeled to view the ever-present havana and the familiar features of Mr. Arthur Busy Benson.

"You're just the man I want to see," spouted the big lawyer angrily, as Benson took from his pocket casually the imitation-revolver cigar-lighter, and opening it applied the torch to his weed. "You—you bluffed me with that thing the other night!" he continued in startled chagrin. "Darn you, Benson, come thru! What do you know about this business? What sort of a game are you and Nick Parrott framing?" As there were no bystanders he had thrown down caution to the winds.

"Parrott?" smiled Benson, featuring the athletic propensities of his left eyelid. "I've heard the name; and I've seen the party. But on my word of honor, Singleton, I've never spoken to him in my life."

There was something reassuring in the press agent's tone. But Singleton was still skeptical. "There are other ways than by the spoken word to transact business," he suggested with a leer.

"I haven't transacted business with Parrott in any way," replied Soracco's salaried thinker.

"Then how in the devil did Kearny get here?"

Benson shrugged his shoulders. "My part ended at the stage door," he said slowly. "You were to manage the rest. You told me last night, Singleton, that everything had gone according to specifications—that Kearny had entered your machine docilely, and ——"

"But," put in the lawyer, "how am I to know what sort of an arrangement you had with him? Kearny did start on his journey all right, and he reached Bolton, according to word from Parrott, but I'm beginning to believe that Parrott——"

The press agent interrupted him. "Singleton," he said, "don't you think you did a risky thing, trying to 'fix' two Hazelton men? Maybe your playing the hog is what——"

"Who told you about the other man?" demanded the shyster angrily.

"You, yourself," returned the publicity engineer. "I've been standing behind you ever since you arrived. "But don't you think it would have been better to play a single sure-thing, instead of——"

The lawyer's big countenance was fairly writhing. "Benson," he snorted, you're double-crossing me! I know it! I'm going to Kearny this minute and find out what he's done with Parrott!"

Arthur Busy smiled broadly. His eyelid quivered. "Singleton, you aren't mad, are you?" he inquired blandly. "If you go to Kearny now, and let out what you've been up to, how long do you suppose you'll be allowed to stay in this honest man's town?"

The thought sobered the giant. Gradually his anger cooled. He, Bilky Andrews and Benson proceeded to the bleachers.

FRANK BIGELOW thrust his red head out of the dressing tent just as the call for grenade-throwers was sounded. Kearny's mail in hand, he started on a trot across the field. At the gate he met his roommate coming in. "How went it, Walt?"

"No records broken, but I landed first," returned Kearny.

"I've got a million questions to ask you," the short fellow continued hurriedly, "but I haven't time now. See you later. Here, these came to the house for you this morning." Handing the hammer-thrower the letter and parcel, he hastened to the open field.

Kearny was not in the exultant spirits his exterior seemed to indicate. Since last night he had had much time for thought. And his thoughts had concerned themselves mostly with Alice Murdock, and the chilly greeting she had accorded him in the theater. What had come over her he could not imagine.

At least, he had the hammer victory to buoy him. True, the distance had not been up to his best performances with the big weight, but it had been sufficient to defeat the mightiest efforts of Brentwood. His hazel eyes—there was just a trace of trouble in them—dropped to the envelope Bigelow had given him. "From father!" he recognized the handwriting with a start. "I hope nothing is wrong."

He started to tear off the envelope's end. As he did so the raucous voice of the megaphone wielder reached his ears. "All out for the four-forty!"

Looking up, he discovered that some of the entrants were already at the starting post. There was no time to read the letter now: He thrust it and the little package into the side pocket of his sweater jacket and hurried toward the squad of middle-distance runners, already answering the roll call. Kearny threw his woolen jacket to the turf inside the track-edge.

Burgess of Brentwood, big and blond, easily looked to be the pick of the lot. Muscular-legged, brown as a berry, chest like a balloon, he obviously sensed his superiority, as he casually sized up the others. Miles, too, was on hand; but he wasn't the Miles Kearny had known at the start of other quarter-miles. Instead of confidence, his look was one of discouragement. He was dreadfully upset over something. He scowled at Kearny as the latter drew his position number from the starter's hat.

Kearny, who did not suspect that his own presence could be the sole cause of Miles' apparent distress, laid it to the running course the pale senior had drawn—the sixth lane. Kearny's number was 3; Burgess' was 2. An unknown quantity from Brentwood had been fortunate enough to draw the pole.

A faulty cartridge delayed the start, and the hazel-eyed senior had plenty of time to scan the bleachers, to find out where Alice Murdock sat. But, mouth grimly set, he did not hazard a glance away from the course ahead.

At last the pistol's staccato signal came. The six men surged forward with one accord, and instantly Kearny became aware that Burgess had lost none of his old-time agility.

Burgess was a rigid believer in speed from the very outset, and he had not traveled thirty yards before he captured the pole from his teammate. Kearny half suspected that the latter had purposely let him swing in ahead, for, when the tall senior strove to fall in just behind Burgess, the other Brentwood man increased his pace and left no room for him.

Kearny had a choice of three alternatives. He could meekly fall into third position for the present, and run the risk of having the second man slow up and impede his progress, or of having the third Brentwood runner close in on his right and hopelessly block him. He

KNOCKS OUT PAIN THE FIRST ROUND

Comforting relief from pain makes Sloan's the World's Liniment

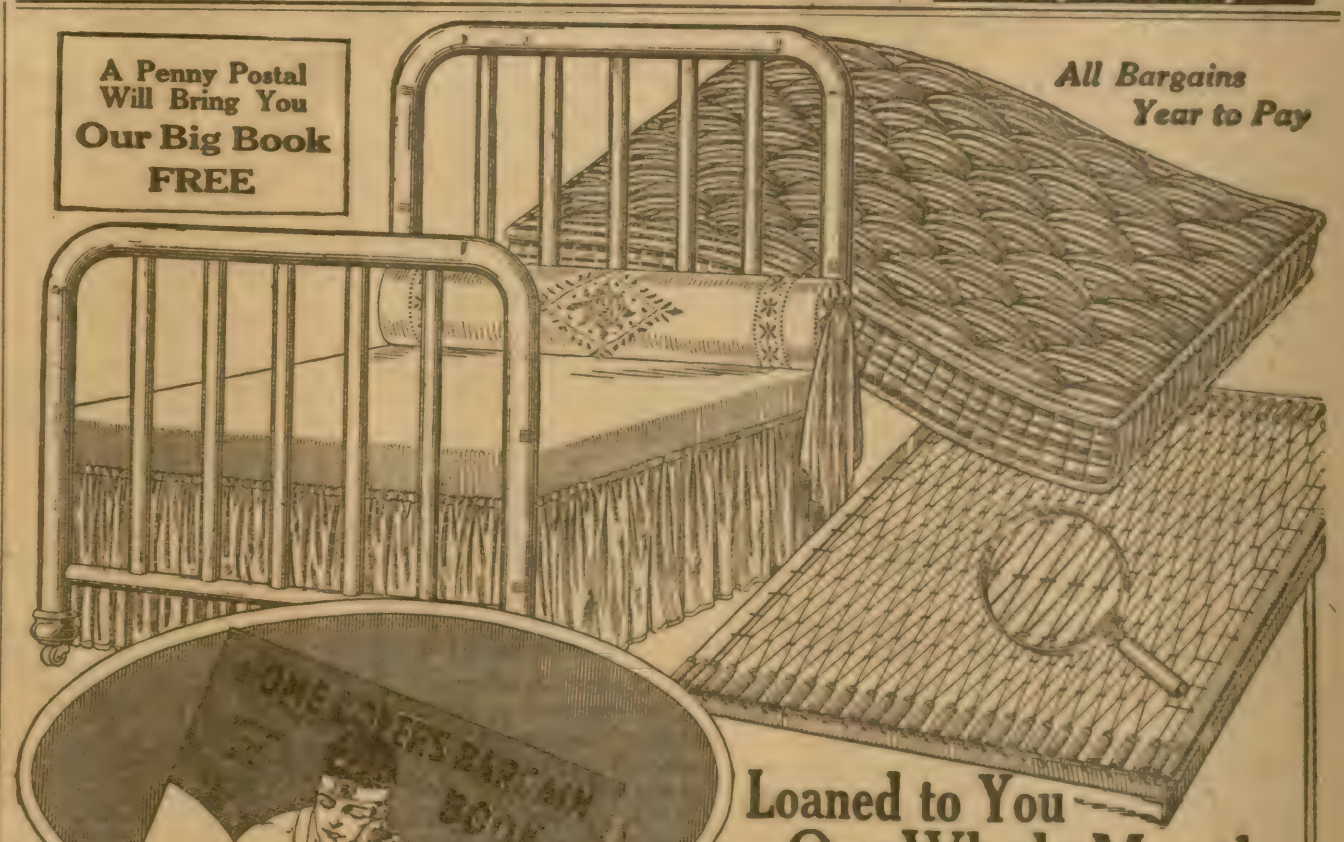
This famous reliever of rheumatic aches, soreness, stiffness, painful sprains, neuralgic pains, and most other external twinges that humanity suffers from, enjoys its great sales because it practically never fails to bring speedy, comforting relief.

Always ready for use, it takes little to **penetrate without rubbing** and produce results. Clean, refreshing. At all drug stores. 35c, 70c, $1.40.

Sloan's Liniment *Keep it handy*

A Penny Postal Will Bring You Our Big Book FREE

All Bargains Year to Pay



Pay About as You Please

Loaned to You —One Whole Month Steel Bed, Spring, Mattress

It is simplicity itself for you to find out all about this wonderful bargain or any of the 10,000 others shown in our new big free Home Lovers Bargain Book. This splendid complete bedroom outfit will be sent you for just one dollar deposit—just by mentioning this paper. It is just as easy to order anything from our big Bargain Book. No red tape; no bother whatever.

Not Merely to Look at—But to Use

We don't intend you to merely look at the bed spring and mattress when you receive it. We urge you to set it up and use it for a whole month. If you return it, the mattress will never be sent out to anyone else. We destroy it. Yet we charge you nothing for this month's use. We refund your dollar and we send back any freight charges you have paid and also any hauling expense.

Pay Later If Satisfied

The pleasantest part of all comes in paying for things that you buy here. One dollar brings you this bed and only $2.00 a month pays for it if you keep it. With our book in your home you can readily see you can have immediately all the home comforts that you have been wishing for. This is a sample bargain. Judge it for quality, completeness, workmanship and price. Put any of our 10,000 other bargains to the same test.

Sturdy Steel Bed New Colonial design in popular continuous post style. Standard full size, measuring 4 ft. 6 in. wide. The posts are 1 1-8 in. thick. Five 7-8 in. filling rods are set into the top and lower rails with strong steel husks. Stands 49 in. at head and 33 in. at foot.

Colors Pure white or popular all-gold Vernis Martin finish.

Guaranteed Spring Splendidly made, unusually strong and will not sag. Angle link fabric, fastened to angle steel frame with 87 coiled spiral springs. Fits bed.

Mattress Very comfortable and expertly made. Filled with best combed excelsior, overlaid with clean, fine cotton on top and sides. Closely tufted and firmly stitched. Excellent grade ticking.

No. SB5431 All 3 Pieces. Bed Spring, Mattress. **$19.95**

Double the Old Size; 100 Added Pages; 10,000 Bargains Furniture for Any Home Anywhere; Long Credit for All

A one cent postal card will bring you this biggest book. Brand new from cover to cover. You ought to have it, no matter where you finally buy. It will give you world's of information about all grades of furniture and you will find it a wonderful guide to prices. Nothing for the home is overlooked or forgotten. You will find everything you need from cellar to garret.

The page size is much larger than the usual mail order catalog. So the pictures are bigger, making it easy for you to decide on selections. Hundreds of things are shown in actual colors, like carpets, rugs, linoleums, blankets and comforters. A hundred stores could not bring before you such a tremendous display.

You can have anything it shows on long year to pay terms. We will loan it to you just like the bed outfit on this page. It's much pleasanter to pay for things as you use them instead of taking the cost out of one pay-day or two.

Save by Ordering Now Pay In Months to Come

We warn you to make your purchases early, no matter where you buy. Prices will surely be higher.

You never need ask us for credit. We open your account when we send you our book. We don't care where you live, or how much you earn—if you are a banker or a laborer. All are welcome to exactly the same long, liberal terms.

Never any annoyance or red tape; no collectors. We don't write employers or neighbors. We do not make you feel that you are under any obligation by accepting our credit.

Doubly Guaranteed Free Loan Offer

If you think our promises are too big, just consider our Free Loan Offer. It answers everything.

We loan to you for thirty days' actual use whatever you select from our Bargain Book. We will never refuse to take anything back because it shows signs of use. If you are satisfied spread the cost over a year's time.

This Free Loan Offer is backed by a Legal Guarantee Bond, doubly guaranteed by the National Surety Co., a $2,000,000 concern, whose bond is accepted in any court in the land.

Some of Our Big Departments

Furniture	Watches	Oilcloth
Carpets	Diamonds	Towels
Rugs	Ranges-Stoves	Carpet
Draperies	Sewing Machines	Sweepers
Silverware	Linens	Graphophones
Chinaware	Comforters	Jewelry
Clocks	Blankets	Wringers
Lamps	Linoleums	Washing Machines
Trunks, etc.		

Mail Penny Postal Card Today for Your Free Copy

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
1349 West 35th Street, Chicago

could attempt to wrest the lead from Burgess, and perhaps waste the stamina so necessary in the last stage of the race. Or he could submit to the manifest disadvantage of keeping his present place—necessarily covering a little more ground, owing to his greater distance from the pole.

He chose the latter course.

As for Miles, whether intentionally or not, he was hopelessly out of it almost from the start. Perhaps his inward rage at Kearny's disconcerting reappearance and Alice Murdock's sudden change had adversely affected the driving force of his legs. At any rate, he was last man as the sextet passed the east grand stand.

From its topmost row two middle-aged men and a brown-haired girl in her early 20s watched the start of the race with rapt attention.

Read in next week's Ledger the fifth and final installment of this story—the description of the wonderful race, the outcome of the tournament, the unmasking of the plotters and the true story of the man you know as Walter Kearny and his father. There are more surprises, too, in store for you—many more—and you won't want to miss them.

* * *

The Exception.

"Does advertising pay?"

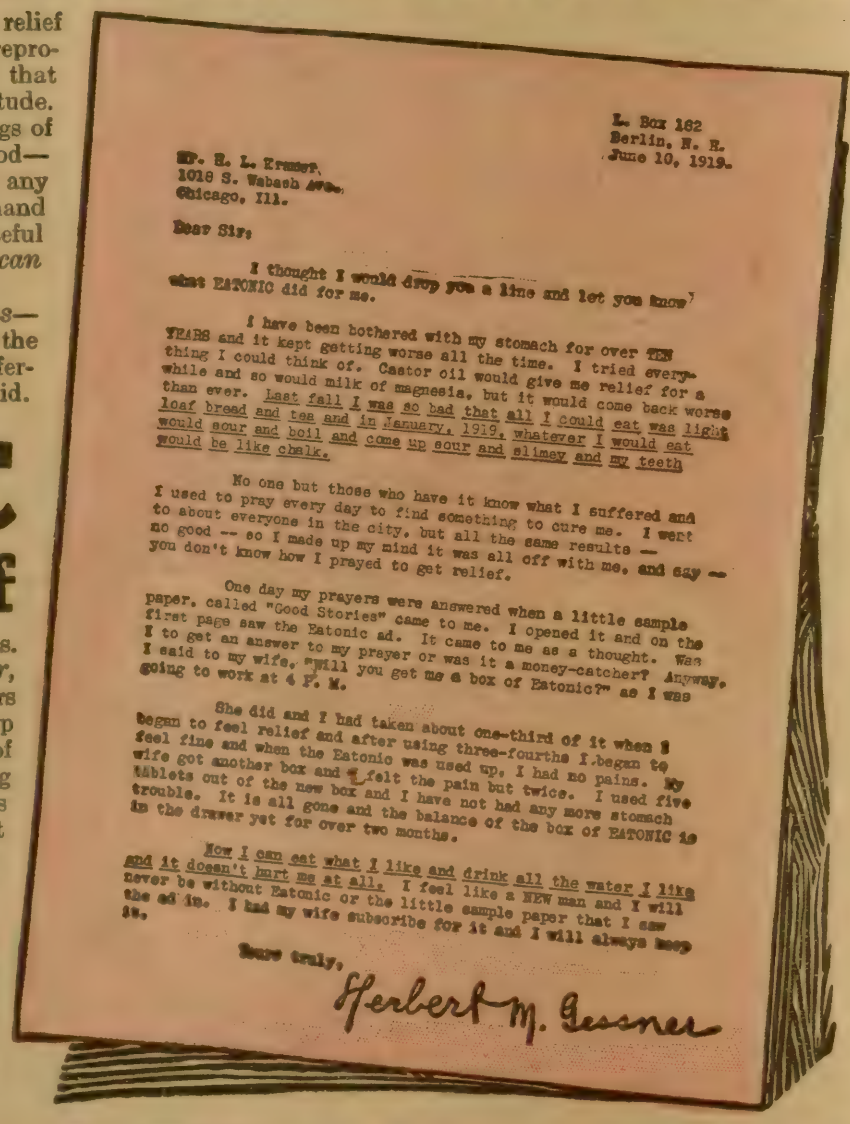
"Well, it didn't in the case of the Kaiser."

Millions Suffer From ACID-STOMACH

Just as the Writer of This Letter Did

Who could possibly ask for stronger proof of the quick and lasting relief that EATONIC brings to victims of Acid-Stomach than the letter here reproduced? Read every word. Note the tone of simple, genuine sincerity that marks the letter throughout. This man writes from a *heart full* of gratitude. He had suffered with *Acid-Stomach* for *ten long years*—suffered the pangs of hunger because his stomach couldn't digest plain, ordinary, wholesome food—everything he ate *soured* and *boiled* and caused him awful misery. Is it any wonder that he prayed so earnestly for relief—that he tried every means at hand to bring an end to his suffering? Is it any wonder that he feels so grateful toward EATONIC *now*—now that his misery *is* at an end—now that he *can eat what he likes without it hurting him at all?*

Now do you know that there are hundreds of thousands—yes, *millions*—of people who are today suffering just the same kind of stomach misery that the writer of this letter did? Well, it's a fact. Read on and learn how these sufferers can get just as quick and lasting relief by using EATONIC as this man did.



L. Box 162
Berlin, N. H.
June 10, 1919.

Mr. H. L. Kramer,
1018 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I thought I would drop you a line and let you know what EATONIC did for me.

I have been bothered with my stomach for over TEN YEARS and it kept getting worse all the time. I tried everything I could think of. Castor oil would give me relief for a while and so would milk of magnesia, but it would come back worse than ever. Last fall I was so bad that all I could eat was light loaf bread and tea and in January, 1919, whatever I would eat would sour and boil and come up sour and slimey and my teeth would be like chalk.

No one but those who have it know what I suffered and I used to pray every day to find something to cure me. I went to about everyone in the city, but all the same results — no good -- so I made up my mind it was all off with me, and say — you don't know how I prayed to get relief.

One day my prayers were answered when a little sample paper, called "Good Stories" came to me. I opened it and on the first page saw the Eatonic ad. It came to me as a thought. Was I to get an answer to my prayer or was it a money-catcher? Anyway, I said to my wife, "Will you get me a box of Eatonic?" as I was going to work at 4 P. M.

She did and I had taken about one-third of it when I began to feel relief and after using three-fourths I began to feel fine and when the Eatonic was used up, I had no pains. My wife got another box and I felt the pain but twice. I used five tablets out of the new box and I have not had any more stomach trouble. It is all gone and the balance of the box of EATONIC is in the drawer yet for over two months.

Now I can eat what I like and drink all the water I like and it doesn't hurt me at all. I feel like a NEW man and I will never be without Eatonic or the little sample paper that I saw the ad in. I had my wife subscribe for it and I will always keep it.

Yours truly,
Herbert M. Gessner

Why EATONIC Brings Such Quick Relief

The first symptoms of Acid-Stomach are practically the same in all cases. *Indigestion, heart-burn, water-brash, belching, food-repeating, sour, acid, gassy stomach, bloat, etc.* These symptoms may hang on for years with more or less frequency. Usually—in fact, nearly always—they keep getting worse from year to year. Just imagine what a wonderful feeling of joy and freedom one must experience when he finds that, instead of being compelled to live on a diet of toast and tea, he can eat *anything* he likes and as much of it as he wants and digest it without a bit of discomfort! That is exactly the kind of relief that EATONIC has brought to one of thousands. Just give EATONIC a trial and find out for yourself how quickly it will do the same for you.

Acid-Stomach means too much acid, which interferes with digestion and causes stomach pains and distress. EATONIC, a good tasting tablet, literally ABSORBS the excess acid and carries it out of the system. With the excess acid gone, the stomach strong, cool and comfortable and able to digest any kind of digestible food that comes into it, *it is only natural* that the entire body gets renewed strength and vitality right from the start. Remember that every ounce of strength you have comes from your food. Unless your stomach does its work properly a good part of your food is wasted. Remember, EATONIC helps you get full strength from every mouthful of food you eat.

Other Millions Have ACID-STOMACH and Never Suspect It

This is not so strange as it may seem. Many people have acid-mouth and never suspect it because the acid is tasteless and its presence cannot be detected without a chemical test. Yet the acid is there and it is powerful enough to eat through the enamel of the teeth, causing them to ache and decay.

Acid-Stomach conditions are often similar to acid-mouth conditions. That is, you may not feel any pain or distress in the stomach itself and yet the hurtful acid may be saturating your entire system. You might say your entire body becomes acid-sour and gives rise to many ailments that you never dream of tracing to an acid-stomach.

Doctors and food specialists say *that more than seventy non-organic diseases may be traced to Acid-Stomach. Nervousness, insomnia, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, cirrhosis of the liver, auto-intoxication, lack of mental endurance and concentration, poor blood circulation, general weakness, melancholia, intestinal irritation—often leading to ulcers and cancer of the bowels—irregular heart action—these and many other disorders are usually traceable to Acid-Stomach.*

Most people, not understanding the real cause of their troubles, treat the *local symptoms.* The *right* thing to do is to go direct to the fundamental cause—the Acid-Stomach—*and get rid of it!*

Give your stomach a chance to do its work easily and naturally without pain or discomfort. Then—and not until then—will you know what *real* health means.

You Can Test EATONIC Free

You know and can trust your druggist. Go to him today and get a big 50c box of EATONIC. Use it for five days. If you do not find it the best stomach remedy and tonic you have ever used, take it back. Your druggist will return your money.

If your druggist doesn't keep EATONIC, or if it's not easy for you to go to the store, write us and we will send you a 50c box. Use it for five days and then, if results are satisfactory, send us 50c. If not satisfactory, return what you have not used. Address H. L. Kramer, Pres., EATONIC REMEDY CO., 1003-B South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

500,000 Can Now Say That EATONIC Rid Them of ACID-STOMACH

EATONIC FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

You Do Not Have to Suffer—Just Give It a Trial—You Will See!

Common-Sense for Corns, "Gets-It"

The Great Painless Corn Loosener. Simple as A. B. C. Never Fails.

If you have ever tried to get rid of a corn by bundling up your toe with bandages, or by using salve that made your toe red and almost raw, or tried to

drag your corn out with a knife, there will be a surprise waiting for you when you use "Gets-It." Imagine peeling your corn off gloriously, easily and painlessly, just like peeling off a banana skin. Well, that is what happens when you use "Gets-It." There is nothing else that will give you this same result. Millions of folks have had the same blessed experience. Why putter and suffer, limp, and spoil a good time for yourself and your friends, or your peace of mind while trying to attend to business? Use "Gets-It," the simple common-sense way.

"Gets-It," the only sure, guaranteed, money-back corn-remover, costs but a trifle at any drug store. M'f'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

My New Book Tells How **RUPTURE** Can be Cured at Home

Send for it. It costs nothing—not even a stamp. I will prove that old style trusses are unnecessary. Book tells how Nature will cure or relieve any case of rupture. Send for it today—a post card will do. Address Dr. W. M. Osborn, 314 Traction Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

WRIST WATCH FREE

This fine Wrist Watch, stem wind and set, also other Watches, Cameras, etc., given for selling our Jewelry at 10c each. Write for 25 Jewelry Novelties. Return $2.50 when sold and select your Premium according to our list. EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 257. East Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS Big pay for selling Staples! Our Sanitary Brushes, Mops and dusters sell everywhere. Quick repeaters. Splendid sales helps, good territory, refund on samples. NORTH RIDGE BRUSH CO., 120 Clark Ave., Freeport, Ill.

AGENTS: $6 PER DAY AND UP

Selling concentrated, non-scoboille food flavors. Always fresh. Put up in collapsible tubes. Ten times the strength of bottled flavors. Guaranteed under U. S. pure food laws. All flavors. Sells in every home. Used every day. Not sold in stores. Big demand. Big repeater. 100% profit.

Men or Women

can make big money. Haut sold over $200 in one month. You will find this a big, easy seller and a sure repeater. Must satisfy customers or money back. Write for territory and sample outfit. Get a big line of customers. Get repeat orders every month and have a steady income. Write today.

ACT QUICK WRITE TO-DAY

American Products Co. 1766 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Tusker

(Continued From Page 8)

think I ought to tell some other body. Did you ever have dreams?"

"Dreams?" I repeated, "oh, yes, many of them. Some that were disturbing, too."

"Disturbing," he exclaimed, "well, now, that's a very pretty word. And you may believe me when I say that I've had some disturbing dreams. Did you ever have a dream about the same thing several times?"

"Yes, that, too," I said.

He took a few turns up and down the floor and then came and paused before me. "I've had a number of bad dreams here of late," he said. "But I ain't superstitious; don't believe in any old wives' tales. But, Mr. Canning, whenever I sees the same thing night after night in the same dream I begin to wonder if I don't see the same thing of day times."

I thought Bill Hines was going more and more off his head with his liquor and his continued mutterings. I wondered how long it would be before he went stark and raving mad and perhaps caused some annoyance to Cecile and her father. I began to wish that I had taken the blustering old sea dog away from Delcasse's house after that first night. I realized I could not do it now, for he was too far gone with his weird babblings. I was in the midst of these thoughts when Hines began speaking again.

"Mate," said he, growing more fraternal than before, "did you ever have an experience with a seafaring man with a steel hook in the place of his right hand?"

The idea suggested to me was so ludicrous and at the same time so repellant that I must have cringed. Bill Hines sensed this and he laughed harshly.

"It ain't a pretty picture, is it?" he said. "Well, no, it ain't."

"A sailor with a steel hook for a right hand?" I asked, at the same time trying to effect some reconciliation between this statement and one of the many that Hines had made before. "No, I can't say that I have."

"Well," said Bill, glancing sharply about the room, "that's the wary thing I've seen—in my dream, of course. Let's get right and true on that point, Mr. Canning; it was in my dreams that I seen this mariner."

"Then I shouldn't be annoyed about it," I said.

"That's what I says," he said. "Nothing for to be a-worried about. But I only wanted to speak about the matter so as we would have a course to lay."

"I don't understand," I said.

"I mean," he continued, "that we can both be on the lookout for a seafaring man what has got a steel hook in the place of a right hand. What would you do, Mr. Canning, if you should see a seafaring man with a steel hook in the place of a right hand?"

I thought to humor him as much as I could, so I said: "Well, I should think it a very strange coincidence."

"Strange!" he cried. "Markee, Mr. Canning, there be stranger things than gentlemen of the sea with steel hooks in the place of hands, and they's truth to that."

At this he again applied himself to his bottle and drank. As he took it from his lips he cleared his throat with a mighty cough as if the liquid had been very brash, indeed. I began to be a little afraid that his frame, even as great and powerful as it seemed, might not be equal to the punishment he was inflicting upon it and he would collapse out of sheer lack of decent nourishment.

"Strange," he resumed, "but never you heed the strangeness of it; come to me and give me warning if ever you clap eyes on such a mariner. He'll be a man of goodish size and a terrible face, Mr. Canning. And he'll speak soft like a woman and peaceful like nothing but milk and honey flowed in his soul; but you'll be careful to see that steel hook, eh, Mr. Canning? Can you tell me what he'll look like, now, Mr. Canning?"

"Just as you have described him, Mr. Hines," I said. "If I see him he will be a man of good size with a very terrible countenance and he will speak softly, like a woman. And I am to pay particular heed to his right hand."

"Not the hand, mind you," he exclaimed. "Not the hand, for there ain't no hand. He'll have a steel hook in the place of a hand. And you'll come and tell Bill Hines the minute you see him, won't you?"

"I'll do the best I can," I said, for I was growing very weary of the subject. Hines' constant repetitions of this wraith that troubled his dreams had got on my nerves not a little and the feeling was not smoothed by the discovery that now the winds from the bay had arisen again and rain drops were spattering against the window panes.

"It's blowin' a gale again," muttered Bill, as he turned away from me and stood in the shadow of the fireplace. "That the weather for a seafaring man to take a mite of comfort out of. Give me a good gale and never a ship lives thru the night. Never a ship lives nor heathens a-praying to their imiges in a brawling night. Listen to it, Mr. Canning."

He kept silent for a moment, tho sucking the air between his teeth as if to mimic the gale that now freshened about the house, whipped the surface of the bay into whitecaps that now and again could be glimpsed as a flash of lightning illuminated the wild northern scene, and sang moaning away into the depths of the forest

The presence of the drunken Hines with his spooky, unnatural loquacity, his hissing, his strange, ancient garb so like that of the buccaneers of the old Spanish Main, the flickering rays of the dying fire casting shadows all about the rough log interior of the room and then the shrieking of the wind and the splattering of rain against the window—all these things were disquieting to me. Each crashing of dead boughs from the trees and each clap of thunder served to heighten my youthful concern.

In the midst of my cogitations, listening intently to all these various sounds, I had let Hines' conversation pass out of my attention until now his very silence brought me up with a jerk. Something bade me look at him and as I did so there came a look on his bearded, frightful face that gave me a distinct start. His mouth opened and he gave expression to a single word

"Mate!" he cried.

His eyes were glued to the window which was behind me. Swiftly as I could I brought my head about the back of the great chair in which I sat. I shall never forget what I then beheld. I had read of such things, have read of them since and always believed them a part of the patent and regular course of fiction. But I had never experienced a like sensation. Flat against the window pane, glaring in with eyes that seemed as wild and burning as those of a frightened animal and with two rows of teeth clinched in a sort of demon's hate, I saw a human face.

The next instant it disappeared. The night was as black as before. The rain hammered against the panes. The wind howled in the woods. A flash of lightning threw a white glare over the bay. At my side I heard a sound. I leaped to my feet and turned about to find that Bill had slid gently down the wall and now lay in a heap on the floor. His eyes, always mere reddened slits heretofore, now seemed to start from their sockets. He was trying to mutter, but his lips appeared to have become palsied and he could say nothing.

Hastily I reached into his pocket and drew forth his inevitable bottle. I applied it to his lips and soon I saw him partially restored. But his nerves were all a-tingle and he was shaky on his feet. I got him into the chair and then I roused my own courage to the point of searching the premises. But even tho my search was half hearted I felt that no investigation could avail anything. If there was a face in that window the owner of it had plenty of places of refuge. If it was my imagination—but then, I could not have had the same fancy that so overpowered Bill Hines.

I returned to find Bill utterly shattered. He remained inert in the chair muttering of pagans that pray to idols and of mysterious poisons. And thus I left him for the night.

Read in next week's Ledger of the terrifying adventure of Canning, who finds the man who wears a steel hook in place of a right hand, and who is surrounded by as villainous a crew as ever breathed. Thrills multiply in this installment, which is one that you won't wish to miss.

* * *

Freed!

"Why all the smile, Jones?"

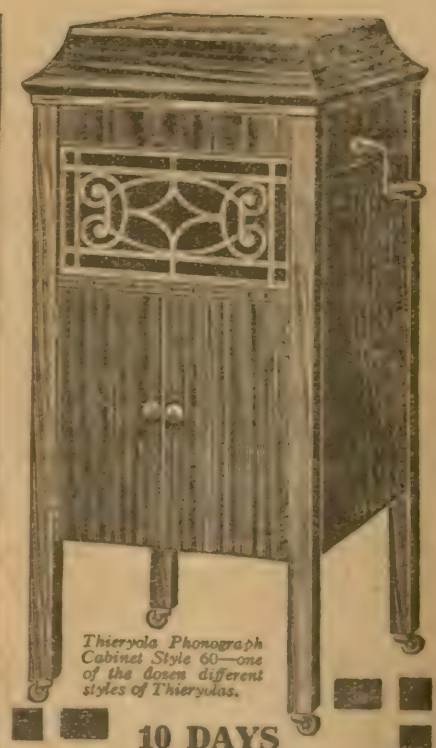
"Forgot what the wife told me to get downtown——"

"Well, call her up."

"I did, but she forgot what she told me not to forget."

CLOTHING PRICES REDUCED BY LARGE MANUFACTURER

Chicago, Sept. 12th.—Mr. Jas. D. Bell, head of the Bell Tailors, Adams at Green St., Chicago, Ill., said to be the largest made-to-measure clothing establishment in the world, recently stated that his firm is now able to quote prices on Fall and Winter suits 35 per cent below what others ask. To prove his point, he showed the writer a very attractive piece of all wool cassimere for which they ask only $20.00 a suit made to individual measure, whereas the same fabric is now being offered by merchants at $30.00 to $32.00 per suit. Even larger savings are offered on their higher priced suits. Every reader of the Blade and Ledger should write Mr. Bell for his price list, and a free copy of his style book No. 217, which contains large cloth samples of many beautiful patterns.—Adv.



Thieryola Phonograph Cabinet Style 60—one of the dozen different styles of Thieryolas.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL AND TEST

You can now have a Thieryola—a genuine Thieryola Phonograph on 10 days free trial and test without one bit of obligation on your part to buy it if you don't say it is the finest phonograph ever shipped to your neighborhood at a similar price. There is a dozen different styles shown in our Art Catalog, for you to take your choice. No restrictions. We will ship any phonograph you say on 10 days free trial. We will show you how to save from 30 to 50% of the money you intended to pay out for a phonograph.

Thiery Pianos and Organs have been on the market for twenty years. Now Thieryola Phonographs are known far and wide as the "Music-Makers" of all phonographs.

$1.00 Only a dollar as first payment after 10 day trial. The balance in easy monthly sums. Just a few pennies a day laid aside each month buys and pays for a genuine Thieryola.

You can pay cash at the end of the free trial and receive cash discount or you can send cash with the order if you want to and your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted. The money that slips through your fingers every month for useless articles will buy a Thieryola for you. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity.

THIERYOLA

Phonographs are high grade, up-to-the-minute machines. They play all makes and sizes of disc records and come completely equipped. They are in magnificent cabinets of genuine mahogany, fumed and golden oak. The new Thieryola catalog shows all the Thieryola Phonographs in colors. You will be surprised at the [illegible]

SEND THIS COUPON

This Coupon Points The Way to More Phonograph Value for You

$4.50 Value in the latest popular disc records will be **Included FREE**

For a limited time only we will include $4.50 worth of the latest large size disc records free with all orders for Thieryola Phonographs. Below is a sample list:

"Honolulu March," *Guitar Duet*—"Moonlight Waltz," *Marimba Band*—"La Paloma," *Saxophone Quartet*—"Captain Betty," *One Step*—"Pasadena Day," *Band*—"Lights Out March," *Band*—"O Sole Mio," *Hawaiian Guitars*—"Aloha Land," *Guitars*—"Battleship New York," *March*—"Over There," *Baritone*—"Under the Double Eagle," *Military Band*—"Send Me Away with a Smile," *Tenor Solo.*

The above is just a sample list of pieces sent FREE with a Thieryola.

J. B. Thiery, Pres., J. B. Thiery Co., Dept. 12 Milwaukee, Wis.

Without any promise on my part to purchase, mail to me at once, color printed Art Catalog of Thieryola Phonographs, list of records, trial order blanks, prices, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

$10 PAYS FOR TEN SHARES

and holds for 20 days 100 shares at present prices. Refinery now operating day and night. Earning dividends. Additional capital needed for pipe-line, storage, and enlarging plant. Refineries pay 100 to 400 per cent.

TEXOIL REFINING COMPANY, 854 Hines Building, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

AGENTS WANTED

The Danger Trail

(Continued From Page 13)

tracks, Croisset, so don't arouse my suspicions."

"I took your word of honor," said Jean sarcastically.

"And I will take yours to an extent," replied Howland, pouring the coffee. Suddenly he picked up the revolver. "You never saw me shoot, did you? See that cup over there?" He pointed to a small tin pack-cup hanging to a nail on the wall a dozen paces from them. Three times without missing he drove bullets thru it, and smiled across at Croisset.

"Mon Dieu, it is safe," grunted Jean.

The sun was up when Croisset led the way outside. His dogs and sledge were a hundred yards from the building, and Howland's first move was to take possession of the Frenchman's rifle and eject the cartridges while Jean tossed chunks of caribou flesh to the huskies.

"M'seur," he said softly, "I tell you again that if you go into the North there is only one chance in a hundred that you will come back alive. And that chance—

"I will take," interrupted Howland decisively.

"I was going to say, M'seur," finished Jean quietly, "that unless accident has befallen those who left Wekusko yesterday that one chance is gone."

"There will at least be a little fun at the finish," laughed the young engineer. "Come, Jean, hit up the dogs!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PURSUIT.

BEHIND the sledge ran Howland, to the right of the team ran Jean. Once or twice when Croisset glanced back his eyes met those of the engineer. He cracked his whip and smiled, and Howland's teeth gleamed back coldly in reply. A mutual understanding flashed between them in these glances. In a sudden spurt Howland knew that the Frenchman could quickly put distance between them—but not a distance that his bullets could not cover in the space of a breath. He had made up his mind to fire, deliberately and with his greatest skill, if Croisset made the slightest movement toward escape. If he was compelled to kill or wound his companion he could still go on alone with the dogs, for the trail of Meleese and Jackpine would be as plain as their own which they were following back into the South.

For the second time since coming into the North he felt the blood leaping thru his veins as on that first night in Prince Albert when from the mountain he had heard the lone wolf, and when later he had seen the beautiful face thru the hotel window.

"Mon Dieu, but you are a strange man!" exclaimed the Frenchman when he brought the dogs down to a walk after a half mile run. "Blessed saints, M'seur, you are laughing—and I swear it is no laughing matter."

"Shouldn't a man be happy when he is going to his wedding, Jean?" puffed Howland, gasping to get back the breath he had lost.

"But not when he's going to his funeral, M'seur."

"If I were one of your blessed saints I'd hit you over the head with a thunderbolt, Croisset. Good Lord, what sort of a heart have you got inside of your jacket, man? Up there where we're going is the sweetest little girl in the whole world. I love her. She loves me. Why shouldn't I be happy, now that I know I'm going to see her again very soon—and take her back into the South with me?"

"The devil!" grunted Jean.

"Perhaps you're jealous, Croisset," suggested Howland. "Great Scott, I hadn't thought of that!"

"I've got one of my own to love, M'seur; and I wouldn't trade her for all else in the world."

"Damned if I can understand you," swore the engineer. "You appear to be half human; you say you're in love, and yet you'd rather risk your life than help out Meleese and me. What the deuce does it mean?"

"That's what I'm doing, M'seur—helping Meleese. I would have done her a greater service if I had killed you back there on the trail and stripped your body for those things that would be foul enough to eat it. I have told you a dozen times that it is God's justice that you die. And you are going to die—very soon. M'seur."

"No, I'm not going to die, Jean. I'm going to see Meleese, and she's going back into the South with me. And if you're real good you may have the pleasure of driving us back to the Wekusko, Croisset, and you can be my best man at the wedding. What do you say to that?"

"That you are mad—or a fool," retorted Jean, cracking his whip viciously.

The dogs swung sharply from the trail, heading their southerly course into the northwest.

"We will save a day by doing this," explained Croisset at the other's sharp word of inquiry. "We will hit the other trail twenty miles west of here, while by following back to where they turned we would travel sixty miles to reach the same point. That one chance in a hundred which you have depends on this, M'seur. If the other sledge has passed——"

"Look here," cried Howland, running beside him. "Who is with this other sledge?"

"Those who tried to kill you on the trail and at the coyote, M'seur."

Howland fell half a dozen paces behind. By the end of the first hour he was compelled to rest frequently by taking to the sledge, and their progress was much slower. Jean no longer made answer to his occasional questions. Doggedly he swung on ahead to the right and a little behind the team leader, and Howland could see that for some reason Croisset was as anxious as himself to make the best time possible. His own impatience increased as the morning lengthened.

Jean's assurance that the mysterious enemies who had twice attempted his life were only a short distance behind them, or a short distance ahead, set a new and desperate idea at work in his brain. He was confident that these men from the Wekusko were his chief menace, and that with them once out of the way, and with the Frenchman in his power, the fight which he was carrying into the enemy's country would be half won. There would then be no one to recognize him but Meleese.

His heart leaped with joyous hope, and he leaned forward on the sledge to examine Croisset's empty gun. It was an automatic, and Croisset, glancing back over the loping back of the huskies, caught him smiling. He ran more frequently now, and longer distances, and with the passing of each mile his determination to strike a decisive blow increased. If they reached the trail of Meleese and Jackpine before the crossing of the second sledge he would lay in wait for his old enemies if they had preceded them he would pursue and surprise them in camp. In either case he would possess an overwhelming advantage.

With the same calculating attention to detail that he would have shown in the arrangement of plans for the building of a tunnel or a bridge, he drew a mental ma of his scheme and its possibilities. There would be at least two men with the sledge, and possibly three. If they surrendered at the point of his rifle without a fight he would compel Jean to tie them up with dog-traces while he held them under cover. If they made a move to offer resistance he would shoot. With the automatic he could kill or wound the three before they could reach their rifles, which would undoubtedly be on the sledge. The situation had now reached a point where he no longer took into consideration what these men might be to Meleese.

As they continued into the northwest Howland noted that the thicker forest was gradually clearing into wide areas of small banskian pine, and that the rock ridges and dense swamps which had impeded their progress were becoming less numerous. An hour before noon, after a tedious climb to the top of a frozen ridge, Croisset pointed down into a vast level plain lying between them and other great ridges far to the north.

"That is a bit of the Barren Lands that creeps down between those mountains off there, M'seur," he said. "Do you see that black forest that looks like a charred log in the snow to the south and west of the mountains? That is the break that leads into the country of the Athabasca. Somewhere between this point and that we will strike the trail. Mon Dieu, I had half expected to see them out there on the plain."

"Who? Meleese and Jackpine, or——"

"No, the others, M'seur. Shall we have dinner here?"

"Not until we hit the trail," replied Howland. "I'm anxious to know about

HENS LAY WHILE MOULTING

E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, has discovered a scientific product that hastens the moult and revitalizes the organs of the hen and puts her in fine laying condition. The tonic is called "More Eggs," and a package of it is enough to carry the ordinary chicken raiser over the entire moulting season. First to lay is first to pay. "Since using 'More Eggs' I get forty to fifty eggs a day instead of eight or nine," writes A. P. Woodard of St. Cloud, Florida. A million dollar bank guarantees that you can have your money back if you want it. So, you don't take any risk. Send $1.00 for a season's supply of "More Eggs" Tonic. If you want to hurry the moult and get more eggs, act at once. It means more profit for you. Don't wait, but order today. Send $1 today to E. J. Reefer, C501 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri. Or ask Mr. Reefer for his valuable poultry book, **free**, that tells the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.—Adv.

Might Be Worse Off.

"Thankful! What have I to be thankful for? I can't pay my bills."

"Then, man alive, be thankful you aren't one of your creditors."

FREE ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER REMEDY

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Mary's, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for asthma and hay fever in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1.25 bottle by mail to anyone who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

How Success In Life May Depend On Amount Of Iron In Your Blood

Physician Explains Secret of Strong Nerves, Keen Active Brains, and Great Physical Energy—Tells How

Nuxated Iron Helps Make Red Blood, Strength and Endurance

"Strong, healthy men and women with plenty of iron in their blood are the ones who go through life with a smile, self-reliant and fearless, and their dynamic power and energy make them virtually masters of their own destinies," says Dr. John J. Van Horne, formerly Medical Inspector and Clinical Physician of the Board of Health of New York City, in commenting on the relation of strong nerves and physical endurance to the attainment of success and power.

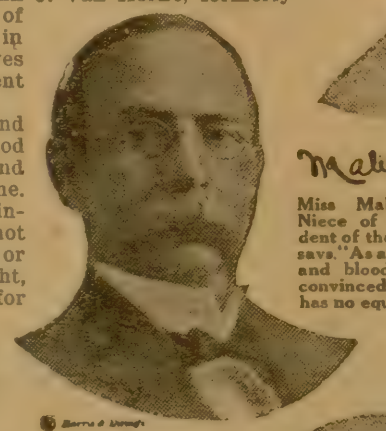
"Strength and vitality of body and mind are derived from the blood and the blood in turn derives it from the food we eat and the oxygen contained in the air we breathe. But unless the blood is rich in iron to increase its oxygen carrying power it cannot develop living tissue, muscle and brain or keep active the vital forces. Many a bright, intelligent man or woman works hard for years to make a success of life only to find that when the crucial test comes they may lack the power and energy to combat the obstacles and withstand the strains demanded of them in order to win. Not until bitter disappointment stares them in the face do they realize that the real and true cause of their failure may be nothing more than depleted nerve force—physical and mental depression—and a general run-down condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. It is surprising how many people who do not get along in life are in reality suffering from iron deficiency and do not know it. To supply this lack of iron and help build stronger, healthier men and women, better able physically to meet the problems of everyday life, I believe that physicians should, at every opportunity, prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for in my experience it is one of the best tonic and red blood builders known to medical science."

Nuxated Iron has been used and highly endorsed by widely known men and women of the highest calibre. When people like these come out frankly and publicly endorse a product which they have personally found valuable for building health, strength and endurance, there can certainly no longer be any doubt as to its efficacy. It is now being used by over three million people annually.

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

Paderewski, Premier of Poland and world-famed musical genius, had recourse to Nuxated Iron to help rebuild his wasted forces when he was weakened and run-down by overwork.

Mrs. James Longstreet, widow of the famous Civil War General, and one of America's foremost editorial writers, says Nuxated Iron brought her back to health and strength when every other tonic had failed her.

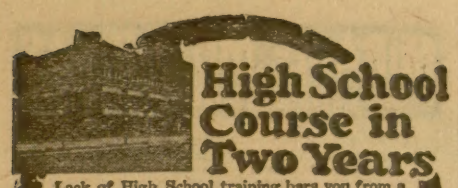


Miss Mabel McKinley, Niece of the late President of the United States, says, "As a strength, health and blood builder I am convinced Nuxated Iron has no equal."

United States Commissioner General of Immigration, Hon. Anthony Caminetti, uses Nuxated Iron to create red blood, strength and endurance, and commends it to others.

Former United States Senator Towne, "The Silver-tongued Orator of Minnesota," takes Nuxated Iron and recommends it to all who feel the need of renewed energy.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE. Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended by physicians is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



High School Course in Two Years

Lack of High School training bars you from a successful business career. This simplified and complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions.

30 Other Courses No matter what your business inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check and mail Coupon for Free Bulletin.

AMERICAN SCHOOL of Correspondence Dept. H 136 Chicago

TRAINING THE KEY TO SUCCESS

Please send me booklet and tell me how I can fit myself for the position marked X. ASC

.....High School Course	.....Shop Superintendent
.....Electrical Engineer	.....Lawyer
.....Telephone Engineer	.....Business Manager
.....Architect	.....Auditor
.....Draftsman	.....Certified Public Acc'nt
.....Building Contractor	.....Stenographer
.....Structural Engineer	.....Bookkeeper
.....Mechanical Engineer	.....Fire Ins. Adjuster
.....Civil Engineer	.....Sanitary Engineer
.....Steam Engineer	..... Automobile Engineer

Name .....

Address .....

NO MONEY DOWN — 2 CREDIT ALL — $2 A MONTH

Genuine 15-17-19-21 Jewel Elgin, Waltham, Howard, or any watch you want, send for

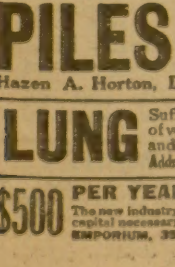
FREE CATALOG

112 Pages Wonderful Values

Diamonds, watches rings, jewelry, up-to-date designs. Buy the Ware Way, you will never miss the money. Liberty Bonds accepted.

WARE DEALS SQUARE — ALFRED WARE CO., Dept. 950 Let us prove it. St. Louis, Mo.

Turn a Valve and Cook or Heat



The Oliver Oil-Gas Burner makes any cooking or heating stove a gas stove. Burns coaloil (kerosene). Cooks, bakes better, cheaper. Keeps homs warmer. You regulate flame. No fires to start, no dirt. Simple, safe, easily put in or taken out. No damage to stove. Lasts a lifetime. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Free literature tells how two gals. kerosene equals 97 lbs. of coal.

AGENTS WANTED

Oliver Oil-Gas Burner & Machine Co., 1359 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. *Western Shipments From Frisco.*

Do away with coal and wood

BIG MONEY IN OIL

Make money with "Hub" in Oil Production. Don't speculate. "Hub" owns good producers in good fields. "Hub" now has a grand total of 43 oil wells and 4 gas wells. Don't wait and pay more. Buy while it is only 9 cents per share.

THE HUB-WYOMING OIL COMPANY
262 Century Bldg., Denver, Colo.
SEND FOR FREE PARTICULARS.

GALL-KLENZ WORKS WONDERS

REMOVES GALLSTONES WITHOUT OPERATION

Cleanses the Liver, stops Stomach and Bowel misery, Indigestion, Gas, Colic, Biliousness, pains in sides or back, or Appendicitis signs. This simple home treatment will do more good and cost you less than any other method known. Send now for proof, guarantee and full advice.

F. A. R. CHEMICAL CO., Inc. 1601 PENOBSCOT BLDG. DETROIT, MICH.

RAISE GUINEA PIGS

Big returns easily made. Big demand; thousands needed. Experience unnecessary. Send for our money-making proposition and big free illustrated book, explains all. Laboratory Supply Co. Dept. X. 2841 Ridge Ave., Phila., Pa.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

INVENTORS: Send Sketch of your Invention for Advice Regarding Patent Protection. Twenty Years' Experience. Hand-book on Patents sent Free. TALBERT & TALBERT, Patent Lawyers, 4084 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

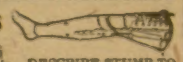
EASTMAN CAMERA FREE

Genuine Eastman Premo with 6 exposure film Free for selling 25 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 249, East Boston, Mass.

New Feather Beds only $11.25

New Feather Pillows $2.15 per pair. New Feathers, best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed, Write for new Catalog. SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Desk 3. Greensboro, N.C.

Automatic Fibre Limbs



Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work. AGENTS WANTED who wear Artificial Leg. GOOD PAY. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO WORMAN CO., 323 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

FREE WATCH 5 year guarantee

Fine steam wind and set watch. Just sell 12 boxes 25 Mendho-Nova Salve at 25c (great for corns, burns, etc.) Order to-day. Hundreds of other premiums FREE.

P. C. SUPPLY CO. Dept. 639 Greenville, Pa.

PILES Send no money—try my medicated treatment at my expense. No medicine to be taken. No instrument. No Cones or Pyramids. A Soothing, Healing Treatment. A proven success. Address Hazen A. Horton, Dept. I, Marshall, Michigan

LUNG Sufferers, write today for my words of value FREE about *Weak Lungs* and how to treat Lung Troubles. Address M. Beaty, M. D. 44 Cincinnati, O.

$500 PER YEAR RAISING CANARIES! The new industry. Start at home. Spare time. Very little capital necessary. We show you how. Particulars free. EMPORIUM, 3509 White Plains Ave., New York City

that one chance in a hundred you've given me hope of, Croisset. If they have passed——"

"If they are ahead of us you might just as well stand out there and let me put a bullet thru you, M'seur."

He went to the head of the dogs, guiding them down the rough side of the ridge, while Howland steadied the toboggan from behind. For three-quarters of an hour they traversed the low bush of the plain in silence. From every rising snow hummock Jean scanned the white desolation about them, and each time, as nothing that was human came within his vision, he turned toward the engineer with a sinister shrug of his shoulders. Once three moving caribou, a mile or more away, brought a quick cry to his lips and Howland noticed that a sudden flush of excitement came into his face, replaced in the next instant by a look of disappointment. After this he maintained a more careful guard over the Frenchman. They had covered less than half of the distance to the caribou trail when in a small open space free of bush Croisset's voice rose sharply and the team stopped.

"What do you think of it, M'seur?" he cried, pointing to the snow. "What do you think of that?"

Barely cutting into the edge of the open was the broken crust of two sledge trails. For a moment Howland forgot his caution and bent over to examine the trails, with his back to his companion. When he looked up there was a curious laughing gleam in Jean's eyes.

"Mon Dieu, but you are careless!" he exclaimed. "Be more careful, M'seur. I may give myself up to another temptation like that."

"The deuce you say!" cried Howland, springing back quickly. "I'm much obliged, Jean. If it wasn't for the moral effect of the thing I'd shake hands with you on that. How far ahead of us do you suppose they are?"

Croisset had fallen on his knees in the trail.

"The crust is freshly broken," he said after a moment. "They have been gone not less than two or three hours, perhaps since morning. See this white glistening surface over the first trail, M'seur, like a billion needle-points growing out of it? That is the work of three or four days' cold. The first sledge passed that long ago."

Howland turned and picked up Croisset's rifle. The Frenchman watched him as he slipped a clip full of cartridges into the breech.

"If there's a snack of cold stuff in the pack dig it out," he commanded. "We'll eat on the run, if you've got anything to eat. If you haven't, we'll go hungry. We're going to overtake that sledge some time this afternoon or tonight—or bust!"

"The saints be blessed, then we are most certain to bust, M'seur," gasped Jean. "And if we don't the dogs will. Non, it is impossible!"

"Is there anything to eat?"

"A morsel of cold meat—that is all. But I say that it is impossible. That sledge——"

Howland interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"And I say that if there is anything to eat in there, get it out, and be quick about it, Croisset. We're going to overtake those precious friends of yours, and I warn you that if you make any attempt to lose time something unpleasant is going to happen. Understand?"

Jean had bent to unstrap one end of the sledge pack and an angry flash leaped into his eyes at the threatening tone of the engineer's voice. For a moment he seemed on the point of speech, but caught himself and in silence divided the small chunk of meat which he drew from the pack, giving the larger share to Howland as he went to the head of the dogs. Only once or twice during the next hour did he look back, and after each of these glances he redoubled his efforts at urging on the huskies. Before they had come to the edge of the black banskian forest which Jean had pointed out from the farther side of the plain, Howland saw that the pace was telling on the team. The leader was trailing lame, and now and then the whole pack would settle back in their traces, to be urged on again by the fierce cracking of Croisset's long whip. To add to his own discomfiture Howland found that he could no longer keep up with Jean and the dogs, and with his weight added to the sledge the huskies settled down into a tugging walk.

Thus they came into the deep, low forest, and Jean, apparently oblivious of the exhaustion of both man and dogs, walked now in advance of the team, his eyes constantly on the thin trail ahead. Howland could not fail to see that his unnecessary threat of a few hours before still rankled in the Frenchman's mind, and several times he made an effort to break the other's taciturnity.

But Jean strode on in moody silence, answering only those things which were put to him directly, and speaking not an unnecessary word. At last the engineer jumped from the sledge and overtook his companion.

"Hold on, Jean," he cried. "I've got enough. You're right, and I want to apologize. We're busted—that is, the dogs and I are busted, and we might as well give it up until we've had a feed. What do you say?"

"I say that you have stopped just in time, M'seur," replied Croisset with purring softness. "Another half hour and we would have been thru the forest, and just beyond that—in the edge of the plain—are those whom you seek, Meleese and her people. That is what I started to tell you back there when you shut me up. Mon Dieu, if it were not for Meleese I would let you go on. And then—what would happen then, M'seur, if you made your visit to them in broad day? Listen!"

Jean lifted a warning hand. Faintly there came to them thru the forest the distant baying of a hound.

"That is one of our dogs from the Mackenzie country," he went on softly, an insinuating triumph in his low voice. "Now, M'seur, that I have brought you here what are you going to do? Shall we go on and take dinner with those who are going to kill you, or will you wait a few hours? Eh, which shall it be?"

For a moment Howland stood motionless, stunned by the Frenchman's words. Quickly he recovered himself. His eyes burned with a metallic gleam as they met the half taunt in Croisset's cool smile.

"If I had not stopped you—we would have gone on?" he questioned tensely.

"To be sure, M'seur," retorter Croisset, still smiling. "You warned me to lose no time—that something would happen if I did."

With a quick movement Howland drew his revolver and leveled it at the Frenchman's heart.

"If you ever prayed to those blessed saints of yours, do it now, Jean Croisset. I'm going to kill you!" he cried fiercely.

What transpires in the next installment of this story of adventure will keep your interest at the boiling point and your nerves tingling. Don't fail to order your copy of the Ledger now.

Send Your Name No Money

Don't Send One Penny Just send your name and address—NO MONEY. Order now and get two fashionable bargains for the price of one. Don't pay one penny until the goods are delivered at your door by the postman.

FREE Waist

NEW WINTER SKIRT

A Prize-Winning Style, made of fine quality Panama Poplin cloth, strong and durable. Cut full and roomy. Loose tucked belt, beneath which skirt is gathered. Two serviceable pockets. The fashionable 9 tucks extend all around the skirt. Order on approval. Our amazing bargain price of $5.49 includes all transportation charges. The fine white voile waist is the newest design, prettily embroidered in front. **Remember,** one waist absolutely free with each skirt. Color of skirt, Navy Blue or Black. Sizes 22 to 34 waist measure and 36 to 42 length. Waist is white only, sizes 32 to 44.

Send No Money Not one penny. Just send your name and address and give sizes and color. We will send you the stylish skirt and the free waist prepaid. When the postman brings them, pay him $5.49 only. Wear both. If you don't find them all you expect, send them back and we will refund your money. One waist free with each skirt. Order number 86.

Walter Field Co. Dept. T133 725 S. Wells St., CHICAGO
"The Bargain Mail Order House"

SUGAR 3c
Send No Money

One leader in our catalog. By taking advantage of the special trial order offered in this advertisement, you become one of our regular customers. Only regular customers permitted to buy sugar at this price from our Wholesale Merchandise Catalog. This remarkable bargain catalog quotes sugar at 3c a lb., $3.00 per 100 lbs., flour $7.00 per bbl. and hundreds of other unusual bargains in groceries, shoes, clothing and other articles you need every day.

A Few Leaders In Our Catalog

SUGAR $3.00 Per 100 Lbs.

Best Granulated Sugar . .	per 100 lbs. $3.00
Best Granulated Sugar . .	per 50 lbs. 1.50
Best Granulated Sugar . .	per 25 lbs. .75
Best Granulated Sugar . .	per 10 lbs. .30

FLOUR $7.00 Per Barrel

Our Best Flour	per bbl. $7.00
Our Best Flour	per ½ bbl. 3.50
Our Best Flour	per ¼ bbl. 1.75
Our Best Flour	per 24½ lbs. .89

OTHER CATALOG BARGAINS

Uneeda Biscuits	per pkg. .03
Quaker Oats	per pkg. .05

Don't Send a Penny

Simply fill out and mail the coupon at bottom of this advertisement. We will at once ship you the special trial order and a free copy of our Wholesale Merchandise Catalog, all charges prepaid. When your order arrives pay the postman for it. Examine our catalog and note the many unusual bargains. Then select and send us as many of them as you need and want and let us help you reduce the high cost of living. No items in this advertisement sold separately. You must send for trial order complete to get our catalog.

YOU ASSUME NO RISK
Rush Your Order Today

You take no risk whatever in dealing with us. We have ample capital and do not ask you to send money in advance. You get the goods before you pay us one penny. All orders shipped at once. No delays—no waiting—no disappointments. Rush your order today and get your copy of this big Wholesale Merchandise Catalog and save big money on all of your household expenses

Special Trial Order No. 1X13

	Estimated Value	Our Wholesale Price
1 lb. Sugar (Pure Granulated) .	$0.13	$0.03
¼ lb. Cinnamon (Pure Ground) .	.25	.15
¼ lb. Pepper (Pure Ground, Black) .	.25	.15
1 lb. Baking Powder (Very Best)	.60	.39
1 pkg. Economy (Used in place of eggs for cooking and baking. 1 pkg. equals 3 dozen fresh eggs)	.25	.20
1 Large Box Face Powder (Extra Fine)	.75	.49
1 Tube Dental Paste (Unexcelled) .	.35	.23
1 Bargain Catalog FREE . .	—	—
	$2.64	$1.64

You Save Approximately $1.00

Remember We ship the above order complete by prepaid parcel post, instead of sending it by express collect, leaving their charges for you to pay as most of our competitors do.

ALBEN-HARLEY
Dept. 1X13, Van Buren St. & Racine Av., Chicago, Ill.

ORDER COUPON

ALBEN-HARLEY, Dept. 1X13
Van Buren St. & Racine Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—You may send me your Special Trial Order No. 1X13 by prepaid parcel post and include a FREE copy of your Wholesale Merchandise Catalog. When the order arrives I will pay my postman $1.64. It is understood however, that if after trying your goods I am not satisfied, I can return the balance to you and you will refund my money.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Ford Auto

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

SEND ANSWER TO-DAY

We not only give away this Ford auto, but hundreds of dollars in cash and scores of other valuable prizes. Bicycles, Guns, Watches, Talking Machines, something for everybody. Everyone who answers this can have a prize of some sort. There are no losers. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody wins. Someone gets this new 1919 Ford Auto free. Why not you? Address

AUTO STEVENS, 141 West Ohio Street, Dept. 40, Chicago, Ill.

80 Pounds 188 Pounds Latest Photo

TUBERCULOSIS

It was when physicians said it was impossible for J. M. Miller, Ohio Druggist to survive the ravages of Tuberculosis, he began experimenting on himself, and discovered the Home Treatment, known as ADDILINE. Anyone with coughs showing tubercular tendency or Tuberculosis may use it under plain directions. Send your name and address to ADDILINE - 26 Arcade Building, - Columbus, Ohio

Women may dress for the benefit of men, but their clothes are seldom noticed except by other women.

It sometimes comes to pass that a newly married man is almost as fond of his wife as he is of himself.

Don't Send a Penny

Read this offer—the most sensational bargain of the year in Panama Poplin Skirts. And it is sent before you pay a penny. Just send the coupon and we ship it by first parcel post. Don't pay until it comes. Try it on, examine it carefully, and then if you are not satisfied send it back. If you order now we will send FREE a fine Taffetine Petticoat. See offer below—and mail the coupon—no money now.

Fashionable Panama Poplin Skirt

You must not think of missing such an opportunity as this. It is simply unparalleled. And remember, no risk to you at all—not a penny to send with your order. Just tell us the size and color you want. Read the description and you will see what a bargain this skirt is—and don't forget the free petticoat.

Skirt is splendid quality Panama Poplin in very latest style. Cut full with wide sweep. Wide separate belt, lined and trimmed with two novelty buttons; fine cord worked through center. Fancy loose side pockets with separate flaps, outlined with silk braid and finished with soutache loops and novelty ivory buttons. Very strong inside belting adds to life of skirt. Seams all bound. All sizes. Colors, black and navy blue. State color wanted. Order by No. B14551. No money now. Pay $4.98 on arrival. Money back if not entirely satisfied.

FREE Taffetine Petticoat

This free petticoat offer means free—not a cent for you to pay now or later. Send right now—while special offer lasts. Petticoat made of splendid quality taffetine. Deep flounce, smartly trimmed with clusters of air tucks, finished at bottom with knife plaited ruffle. Elastic waistband. Front length, 32 to 42 in. Hip measures up to 45 in. Color, black. This splendid petticoat is free. Simply order the Poplin Skirt and you get the free petticoat right along with skirt. Of course we can't keep this offer up. It is liable to be withdrawn any time. If you wait you may be disappointed—so make up your mind now to snap this bargain up while it lasts.

Send Coupon

There is no reason to hesitate on such an offer as this. You risk nothing. You send no money with order and what you pay on arrival goes back if you want to return the skirt and petticoat. See at our risk what wonderful values these are. Mail coupon.

Leonard-Morton & Co., Dept. 9753, Chicago

Send the Panama Poplin Skirt No. B14551 and the free taffetine petticoat. When they arrive, I will pay $4.98 for the skirt; nothing for the petticoat. If not satisfied after examination, will return both and you will refund my money.

Length.....in. Waist.....in. Hip.....in. Color.....

Name.....

Address.....

$1 Brings this Seamless Brussels Rug

Only $1 now and we ship this beautiful rug. Use it 30 days. Then if not most pleasing in every way and an amazing bargain return it and we will refund your $1 and pay transportation both ways. If you keep it, pay balance on our easy terms (see description and coupon below.)

9x12 Feet

See It on Your Own Floor—Then Decide

Once you see this rug on your floor and compare it with others you will say that it is a startling bargain. You will wonder how a rug of this quality and rich appearance can be offered at our price. This is a genuine seamless Brussels rug, woven in a most artistic all-over pattern, in rich colorings. The material is strong, good wearing yarn which will give long service. We have chosen the colorings to give the most pleasing effect by both daylight and lamplight. This is one of the most desirable, most satisfactory rugs we have ever offered. It is a rug you will be proud to have in your home.

We gladly give you the opportunity to see it on your floor before you decide about it because you can't judge from even the best description. You must see the rug itself and examine its fine quality and coloring to appreciate its value.

Order by No. 29BMA12. Price $29.95. Send $1 now. Balance $2.75 monthly.

30 Days' Free Trial

Use this elegant Brussels rug for 30 days. Then you will know what a stunning value it is. We gladly give you the privilege of this test because we know what a bargain you will find it. Read our offer again—nothing fairer than this—then send coupon (or letter) and only $1 now.

HARTMAN FURNITURE and CARPET CO.
3926 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 2040 Chicago

Send Post Card for **FREE**

Bargain Catalog

Thousands of bargains in furniture, curtains, rugs, dishes, kitchenware, phonographs, stoves, cutlery, silverware, farm equipment, etc. —on easy credit terms.

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
3926 Wentworth Ave., Dept 2040 Chicago

Enclosed is $1. Send the Seamless Brussels Rug No. 29BMA12. I am to have 30 days' trial. If not satisfied will ship it back and you will refund my $1 and pay transportation both ways. If I keep it I will pay $2.75 per month until price, $29.95, is paid.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Chart Pitt: His Autobiography

(Continued From Page 2.)

crazy in the dark. Pasco was burning, and fear was the cheapest commodity in that burg beside the flooded Columbia.

The fire department had more than it could do. Volunteers were called for. But those who had homes to protect, strangely seemed to remember that their life insurance was delinquent, and they couldn't afford to take the chance—and, believe me, it was a chance.

They passed the buck to each other, while one by one the wooden buildings were sucked into the heart of the red whirlwind. My partner and I didn't have anything to lose by that fire. Switch engines were busy, and already our "hotel" had been moved down the

The Lighthouse in Which the Author Spends Many Long Hours.

track out of harm's way. But being true adventurers we couldn't refuse the call. It was at the nozzle of the hose we found our places, and if hell is any hotter than burning Pasco—excuse me—I'm going to be good.

When the fire had been brought under control, pard and I went down the track and hunted up our boxcar; while the wires carried the story to the four winds. Somehow I missed getting the papers, but when once more safely at home in Bellingham, Wash., I chanced across an old issue of a Seattle daily, which told all about it. The headlines ran something like this:

"Great Fire in Pasco—Thought to Be the Work of Tramps. Hoboes Turn Firebugs in Hopes of Plunder."

That is the spirit of the tramp—and his usual reward.

My literary creed is not elaborate—but it is strict. I never write anything, either verse or fiction, unless I think it will make some poor human better because of the reading. Hardship is my birthright, and brotherhood my hope. I have seen both of them a-plenty.

For—

I am a brother to the ox—
A fellow beast of toil.
Together we plow the endless miles
Of the task-lord's fertile soil.

* * *

When speaking of her age a woman doesn't tell you one thing today and another ten years later.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa

MIRACLE MOTOR GAS
May Mean Your Fortune

HERE, now, within your grasp, is the Opportunity to make from $5,000.00 to $15,000.00 a year. A new, scientific, chemical discovery opens the road to fortune for one live man in each community. We want Exclusive County and State Agents in all unoccupied territory. MIRACLE MOTOR GAS positively gives 15% to 40% more mileage from every gallon of gasoline used in an automobile. It eliminates and prevents carbon, the "black plague" of motordom; makes engine run smoother and better in every way. At the present high price of gasoline think what it means to save from ONE-THIRD to ONE-HALF in your gasoline bills. MIRACLE MOTOR GAS is the biggest, most sensational success in the automobile field. Motorists are amazed at its wonderful work.

3c Worth of MIRACLE MOTOR GAS EQUALS a Gallon of Gasoline

Don't be skeptical. The impossibilities of yesterday are the realities of today. The entire motor world has been endeavoring to find a remedy for the high cost of gasoline. The remedy has been found. It is here. It is MIRACLE MOTOR GAS. You will be amazed, astonished, at the way this wonderful product multiplies the power of gasoline. An avalanche of letters from all over America prove its worth, testify that it saves up to 40% gasoline, besides eliminating carbon.

AGENTS MAKE FROM $10.00 TO $200.00 A DAY. NO COMPETITION. 300% PROFIT

No matter who you are, where you live, this is YOUR CHANCE. You never dreamed of a better Opportunity than this. Five Million Automobiles in the U. S. need this wonderful product. Thousands of motorists in your County want to economize on gasoline, and are eager to buy MIRACLE MOTOR GAS! Practically every auto owner buys the minute you tell him what MIRACLE MOTOR GAS is GUARANTEED to do. Delighted customers, astonished with results, will boost it to their friends. Your success is sure, positive. Motorists will literally BEG you for it, once they know what it will do.

O. V. Darling, South Bend, Ind., MAKES $210 PROFIT IN 4 HOURS—Dave Isom, Idaho, Makes $60 in One Day. Others Make Amazing Profits.

Read this enthusiastic letter from Darling:

"Made a test of MIRACLE MOTOR GAS today on a 103 mile trip. Had two Fords. The one with MIRACLE MOTOR GAS used only 3½ gallons of gasoline; the one without MIRACLE MOTOR GAS used 7 gallons."

As a result of this test he sold MIRACLE MOTOR GAS like hot cakes. Writes later: "Sold 600 packages from 10 until 2—4 hours ($210.00 profit)."

Next comes this letter from Dave Isom: *"My whole heart and soul are in this work. The Commercial Club of 4,000 members is boosting for me. Everyone is well pleased. Have two more men working for me. Send me 800 more packages by express. I can't afford to be waiting for goods. Sold 80 packages yesterday." (That's over $60 profit).*

And read this letter just received from R. Vollbrecht: *"Miracle Motor Gas a big success. My 6 dozen were gone in two hours. Ship 50 dozen by return express. Will have to order in car load lots soon. Miracle Motor Gas is a wonderful proposition."*

GET BUSY—DON'T WAIT

Don't make the mistake of being a doubter and losing this great Opportunity. Remember, MIRACLE MOTOR GAS is a proven, guaranteed proposition. It has demonstrated what it will do and now we want hundreds of live men to sell it. So get busy. Just sign the coupon for complete information about this astounding product. Tell us what territory you want. But you'll have to act quickly as territory is being snapped up very rapidly. Better get the coupon on the way to us by return mail. *Wire if you want terms for Exclusive Rights for your State.*

CHAS. A. BUTLER & CO.
191 Wayne Bldg. TOLEDO, OHIO
Reference: *Home Savings Bank.*

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MEN

GET VITAL STRENGTH. RETAIN YOUTHful vigor. Wonderful results. Intensely interesting booklet free. Winslow D. Chase, Washington, D. C.

WANTED TO BUY

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH—WE PAY up to $35.00 per set, (broken or not). Also buy discarded gold jewelry, gold crowns, bridges, platinum, diamonds, watches, and silver. Send now. Cash by return mail. Package held 5 to 10 days for sender's approval of our offer. U. S. Smelting Works, Dept. 5, Chicago, Ill.

OLD COINS WANTED

WATCH YOUR CHANGE. MANY COINS worth double and more their face value are in circulation. We pay $5.00 for 1878 half dollar, S, mint. Cash paid for thousands of different coins and bills. Get posted. Send 4c for our large illustrated coin circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

PATENTS

INVENTORS — SEND SKETCH OF YOUR invention for advice regarding patent protection. Twenty years' experience. Handbook on Patents sent free. Talbert & Talbert, Patent Lawyers, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS—DESIRING TO SECURE PATent should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

MEDICAL

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADder trouble, causing backache, nervousness tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 31 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

I HAVE GUARANTEED SAFE, SURE, HOMI remedies for the rapid cure of every human ailment; failure impossible. Write me confidentially; I will gladly help you. D Wolfe, P. O. Box 7, Ridgewood Station Brooklyn, New York.

SONG POEMS WANTED

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music; guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 920 South Michigan Ave., Suite 106, Chicago.

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

WOULD EXTRA MONEY HELP? EARN IT in a dignified way in spare time or establish an entire time business of your own as local representative or district manager for an old established firm marketing a nationally advertised household appliance. The 250,000 sold have enable many men and women to earn upwards of $2,500 yearly. Reeves Co., Box 91, Milford, Conn.

EVERY AUTO OWNER CAN BE INTERESTED in doubling the life of his car and tires. Write for particulars of the fastest seller ever offered auto owners. M. E. Smoyer, 2760 East 46th St., Kansas City, Missouri.

AGENTS WANTED

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. Maher made $597.50 in June. Nissen $19 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $2,500 a year profit for four average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-144, Dayton, Ohio.

ALCOHOL DE-NATURED, AGENTS AND farmers attention. Make alcohol from grain and farm products then denature it according to U. S. Government formulas. Our book bound in heavy black buckram tells how and gives said formulas also U. S. Government laws permitting manufacture of alcohol. Hundreds of small legitimate stills throughout country. $1.00 per volume, 100 volumes $60.00 prepaid. DeVol & Co., Publishers, 305 Barker Blk., Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS WANTED TO INTRODUCE MY wonderful "No-Rub-O" Washing Tablets that wash clothes clean and white—without rubbing. Clothes last longer. Great labor saver. Sells at 15c per package, enough for five washings. Every family buys—whirlwind seller—big money-maker for agents—anybody can sell them. No money needed to be my agent. Sample Tablet and full particulars free. H. E. Bishop Co., 1128A Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

NEW CARBURETOR FOR FORD CARS. Simple, not a moving part, installed in thirty minutes, guaranteed to double your mileage and start in zero weather without heating or priming. 15 days free trial. Our St. Louis man sold 2,000 in 8 months. Salt Lake City man made $1,200 in one week. Write U. & J. Carburetor Co., B505, W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

LIBERTY PORTRAITS BIG WINNERS. Thirty days credit—36 hour service—rejects credited. World's famous Peace Paintings now ready. Easy $100 weekly. Write quickly for catalog, and free samples Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 12, 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid $1.19. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

AUTHORIZED NEGRO WAR HISTORY 744 pages with peace terms by Kelly Miller of Washington. 150 pictures, best book for colored people ever written, price only $2.50, selling like wildfire. Outfit free. Act quick. Genkins Publishing Co., 26 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICA'S PART IN THE WORLD WAR. Introduction by General Pershing. A magnificent book of marvelous thrilling achievements. Millions will be sold. Big profits quick. Best terms. Credit given, freight paid. Outfit free. Star Publishing Co., 501 Plymouth Court, Chicago.

DON'T ACCEPT AN AGENCY UNTIL YOU get particulars regarding Bero Tablets. 400% profit. Customers excited. Agents coining money. Prohibition assures quick sales. Wonderful opportunity. Write quick. Bero Company, 543 No. Dearborn, Chicago.

SELL "AMERICAN NEGRO SOLDIER IN World War." New official book, complete, pictorial, 100 photographs. Make $5.00 an hour. Best terms. Be first. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Globe Association, 200 Como Bldg., Chicago.

MIRACLE MOTOR-GAS AMAZES MOTOR- ists. 3c worth equals gallon gasoline. Eliminates carbon. 300% profit. Isom, Idaho, wires: "Ship 500 packages. Made $70 yesterday." Chas. Butler Co., Dept. 59, Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS—$50 WEEKLY AND YOUR FALL suit free. Sell our famous popular priced made to measure suits, big steady income guaranteed. Complete outfit free. Act quick. Commonwealth Tailors, Dept. 510, 318 W. Washington St., Chicago.

AGENTS—TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro., St. Louis, Mo.

NEW WINDSHIELD CLOTH SOLVES BAF- fling problem. One wipe cleans rain-blurred windshield. Stays clear 24 hours. Motorists amazed. Agents getting rich, 300% profit. Exclusive territory. Cabco Co., Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS — MEN AND WOMEN — 100% profit selling Cascade Steam Washer. Great time and labor saver, thousands in use. Sells quickly on demonstration. Live wires make $20 and up daily. H. M. Sheer Company, Dept. C-4, Quincy, Ill.

$1.85 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER PANTS —worth $5.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents, part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. R-447, 515 So. Franklin St., Chicago.

AGENTS, $40 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE SAM- ples. Gold sign letters anyone can put on store windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 M, North Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS: BIG PAY AND FREE AUTOMO- bile introducing wonderful new gasoline saver, punctureproof, five year spark plugs and other economical auto necessities. Outfit free. L. Ballwey, Dept. 7, Louisville, Ky.

PORTRAIT AND FRAMES, REASONABLE prices, and quick service. Rejections credited. Brewer Art Co., Shelbyville, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED (Continued.)

LUCKY FAIRY CROSSES. FORMED BY Nature in Virginia mountains, worn as watch chains, lavaliers. Send 50c for beautiful cross. Agents write. Fairy Cross Distributors, 117 Elm Ave. S. E., Roanoke, Va.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Positions worth $750 to $1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Company, 123 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS—90C AN HOUR TO ADVERTISE and distribute samples to consumer. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Co., 1622 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MARCH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR with Peace Treaty; 800 pages; 200 illustrations; best seller; liberal terms; outfit free. Lindberg & Co., 180 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

AGENTS: SELL NEVERFAIL IRON RUST and stain remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write to-day. Sanford-Beal Co. Inc., Dept. 8, Newark, N. Y.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

$75 WEEKLY SELLING TIRES BEST standard makes at wholesale prices to consumer. American Dealers Supply Co., 1303 Sangamon St., Chicago.

AGENTS — ONE CENT INVESTED IN A postal card brings you $75-$100 per week three-in-four repeater proposition. Specialty Mfg. Co., Div. 252, Madison, Wis.

AGENTS: GOING BIG. WATER-PROOF household apron. Get in on this quick and reap the harvest. Cambridge Mfg. Co., 549 W. Washington, Dept. PV., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

WANTED: HUNDREDS MEN—WOMEN—18 up. U. S. Government office and outside positions. $1,100 year. Write for list positions now open. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 29, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES WANTED—$12.50 per hundred paid. Copyists also wanted. Send stamp for particulars. Bostion & Co., G. Legore, Md.

BECOME DETECTIVES—BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS; $110.00 a month to start and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM12. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200. Colored porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BECOME AUTO EXPERTS. HUNDREDS needed. $35.00 week. Earn while learning. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 804, Rochester, N. Y.

STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS WANTED for publication in new magazine. We pay cash on acceptance. Submit MSS. National Magazine, Desk 946, Washington, D. C.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS NEEDED, $1,100- $2,000. Work 15 days monthly, paid full time. Hotel allowance, railroad pass. Write for list of openings. Ozment, 106 St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

BRING OUT YOUR HIDDEN BEAUTY. Stamp brings information. Mrs. R. Brazelton, Room 40, 68 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

WOMAN! VALUED INFORMATION RE- garding Antiseptic preparation. Ladies' free sample. Address H. Welthall, Hagerstown, Md.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, DICE, CARDS, GAMES, books, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Hurdland, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS. BOOKS, CARDS, LODE- stone, dice, tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

SCENARIOS WANTED

SCENARIOS WANTED. REAL PLOTS PAY big—plots, not talk. We revise, edit, copyright, publish, sell direct to producer. Universal Scenario Corporation, Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING Priscilla Fabrics—Hosiery—Underwear, spare time. Everyone buys Fitzcharles' guaranteed goods, success assured. Beautiful samples, complete instructions. We furnish everything. H. Fitzcharles Company, Trenton, New Jersey.

U. S. GOVERNMENT NEEDS HUNDREDS women, 18 up. Census work. $1,000-$1,600 year. Pleasant office work. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 27, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE- paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—5 BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

HELP SELL OUR SALESMEN'S SAMPLES— Hdkfs, embroideries, baby caps, trimmings. Very low. $3.75 assortments. Lace Place, 10 Green St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BECOME EXPERT DRESS DESIGNERS. Design your own gowns. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 854, Rochester, N. Y.

CROCHETERS WANTED. POSITIVELY NO canvassing. Stamped, addressed envelope for particulars. Mrs. Meixel, 517 Lycoming St., Williamsport, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BRANCH MANAGER WANTED BY OLD ES- tablished Chicago concern. We furnish full stock of goods, advertising matter, and equip store completely, in good location, all at our expense. We allow you to draw out $175 a month and will also pay you liberal share of the profits your store earns. Work may be started in spare time. No investment or previous experience necessary. If you are a hustler and want an opportunity to make $5,000 or more a year, we want you, and will pay you well from the start. Send your application today. S. Levy, Manager Dept. 399—329 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU READ The Texas Investor. Gives concise, reliable, up-to-date information and facts about most wonderful developments and fortune-making in history of Texas oil, and explains one particular opportunity in which investors should reap tremendous returns; published by practical oil operator and tells how and where to invest for greatest safety and quick results. Write for free trial subscription. C. C. Cannan, Publisher, 739 Scanlan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

DO YOU WANT $2,000 A YEAR WITHOUT work, worry or inconvenience? Then have us plant, develop and continue to cultivate a five acre fig orchard for you. We harvest your fruit; purchase it; and then divide the profits from preserving and selling with you. Offer limited. $5.00 starts you. Our Free Book tells all. Write for it today. Gulf Coast Fig Orchards Ass'n., 833 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

OIL IN NEW MEXICO. WE WILL FILE your oil and gas claims, in Pecos Valley Oil field. $10 for each 20 acres. No more to pay till Jan. 1, 1921. Oil map $1. Peoples Investment Co., 509 Main Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

OIL—IF YOU HAVE $31 AND WANT TO get into something good in oil, write me at once for particulars. Frank Strickland, Sapulpa, Okla.

SILVER MINES MAKING MILLIONAIRES through small investments. Address Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

SMALL CAPITAL BUYS GUARANTEED professional moving picture machine. Complete outfits on easy payments. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Theatre Supply Service, Dept. B., 420 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

$90.00 BUYS COMPLETE PROFESSIONAL moving picture outfit, machine, supplies, film, everything ready for use. Write for bargain sheet. Feature Film Exchange, Dept. 5A, 228 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

GOOD HARDWOOD LAND, ON CREDIT IN Michigan's best counties. Raise fine grain, fruit, truck. $15 to $30 per acre. Easy terms. 10 to 160 acres. No swamps or stones. Free farm advisers and insurance. Money loaned. Good markets, schools, churches, hardroads, etc. Best land offer in U. S. from largest company. Established 1898. Write today for free booklet. Swigart Land Company, X1245 First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO FORD OWNERS: RADIATORS, FROM factory to you, $17.25 c. o. d. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. American Auto Radiator Works, 500 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

GO ON THE STAGE. WRITE FOR DES- criptive circular, tells how. It's free. Address Ray, 4, Lumpkin, Ga.

PRINTING

STILL PRINTING AND SENDING POST- paid 100 good envelopes for 50c. Samples free. Brenelsa Printery, (New address) Box B, Chatsworth, Illinois.

EDUCATIONAL

INSTRUCTION BY MAIL—OVER 100 courses. For "Free Tuition Plan," apply Carnegie College, Rogers, Ohio.

PERSONAL

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE through lost vigor can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

MEN — SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 81 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

WOMEN WHY WORRY? ERGOIL MONTH- ly regulator safely relieves some of the longest and most abnormal cases in 24 to 48 hours. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money returned. Prepaid $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY AT ONCE, WE PUT YOU IN COR- respondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

MEN AND WOMEN — IT'S FREE—THIR- teen days treatment and literature free. Perfect strength quickly restored to every organ of the body. Has never failed. State age and condition fully. Vital-O Remedy Co., Box C-266, Denver, Colo.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; RE- member, we cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—PROF. OSBORNE'S VACUMMOTOR. Perfect mechanical organ developing appliance; enlarges and develops. Osborne Co., 4607 Delmar Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Send for free book on development.

FOR ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION; BEST, largest; established 14 years; thousands wealthy members. Confidential. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, 732 Madison, Oakland, Calif.

MARRY — MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME maker," hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 558, Oakland, Calif.

"CLASSY PICTURES" — REAL PHOTO- graphs from life. (all girls) in daring poses. Pocket size. Dozen, $1; thirty, $2, two samples 25c. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

FRENCH ART MODELS—BATHING GIRLS, original photos. Send dime for generous samples and list. B. W. Davis, Box 71, West Somerville, Mass.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY WANT- ing introductions. Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., K-90, Camden, N. J.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL magazine published. Mailed free. Ladies send age, description. American Distributor, Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

MARRY — THOUSANDS LONELY PEOPLE; all ages; worth $5,000 to $400,000; will marry; write for my list; free. Ralph Hyde, 253a-41 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

MEN—ELECTRIC BELT—FREE 60 DAYS' trial. Write! No waiting, no disappointments. Snap! Vim! Vigor! A. Owens, Box 214, Atlantic City, N. J.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 33, Kansas City, Mo.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER AND DESCRIP- tions free. Many wealthy (sealed); pay when married. Langden, 802 Arbor Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

MARRY—BEST PLAN, HUNDREDS RICH, confidential, reliable. Lists and descriptions free. Unity, E-3, Grand Rapids, Mich.

IF YOU WISH A PRETTY AND WEALTHY wife, write me. Stamped envelope for reply. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, O.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

BATHING GIRL PICTURE 10C; 16 VARI- eties $1; refunded if dissatisfied. Roseleat Club, St. Louis, Mo.

MAGIC SECRET REVEALS HOW YOU CAN obtain anything you desire. Postpaid for dime. A. Denford, 507 5th Ave., New York.

BOOKS FOR MEN — ALSO PICTURES. Catalog free. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

INDISPENSABLE GENTLEMEN'S ARTICLE 10c. Dime back if dissatisfied. Sullivan Co., 24 Rose, Battle Creek, Mich.

THREE SPORTING POST CARDS, LISTS, etc. 10c. Sophie Girard, Box 294, Pawtucket, R. I.

"THE WAY OF MAN AND MAID," FASCIN- ating photo 3x5, 20c. Select Club, Box 166, Topeka, Kansas.

Order No. J2815. Send Your Order Now with $1.00 Cash. Pay the Balance $2.50 Each Month

"I Will Trust You Gladly"
Spear of Pittsburgh

$1.00 Brings This Kitchen Cabinet To Your Home

Yes, you can now have the Kitchen Cabinet you have needed so long and wanted so much—placed right in your home for only $1.00! Think of it! Only $1.00 brings this big, handsome Cabinet that you can put to work at once in your kitchen. Try it 30 days, and if you decide to keep it, you can pay for it in monthly payments so small that you will not miss the money.

Just like having your own servant. No hunting for some particular pan, no looking for the seasoning, no rummaging for some special knife or fork—everything will now have its own special place in the Cabinet.

And think of the time and the hundreds of steps saved every day. Stand or sit at your Cabinet and do your work quickly, easily, pleasantly. Shorten your kitchen hours and have more time for recreation and enjoyment.

And you can have all this for only $1.00 first payment! Why hesitate, why deliberate, why wonder whether or not you should order?

Here are the Details of Construction

Cabinet is 70 inches high, 26 inches deep and 40 inches wide—a big, roomy size. Made of heavy, selected oak finished golden and well seasoned to withstand kitchen heat and moisture. This Cabinet is firm and rigid, will not warp, and has unexcelled wearing qualities. No trouble to keep the white enamelled top interior perfectly clean and sanitary.

You'll be pleased with the large, rustproof tilting metal flour bin, made with an improved sifter bottom, and the swinging glass sugar container and glass coffee, tea and spice jars.

The dustproof roll shutter is a big convenience, slides easily and closes the front of the Cabinet when not in use. You can serve a meal on the sliding metal top of the base; it measures 40 x 25 inches, is sanitary and very easy to keep clean. Ample drawer space for linen, cutlery, etc. You can remove hot bread and pies direct from the oven to the big lower metal drawer with the sliding perforated top. Life is so short that you cannot afford to be without the many time and labor-saving features of this Cabinet. Total price, $34.95. Terms, $1.00 cash with order. Balance payable $2.50 each month.

Use and Enjoy it 30 Days—At My Risk

Order this Kitchen Cabinet today. When it arrives, put it to work immediately. Use it 30 days. If at the end of that time you don't feel that it has saved miles of needless steps and hours of precious time; if you feel that it hasn't made your kitchen work far easier and much more pleasant, and greatly shortened your working hours; if it hasn't proved the best investment you ever made—send it back and I'll return your money and freight charges without question. If, on the other hand, this Cabinet surpasses your expectations and pleases you thoroughly, as we know it will, just send a small amount each month until paid for.

Order it Now—TO-DAY Use the Coupon

Don't put off taking advantage of this offer one day—not even an hour. Take the first step to end kitchen drudgery *Now!* Clip the coupon, fill it out, enclose and mail along with $1.00. You can send the dollar by postal or express money order, or just enclose a dollar bill and register the letter. Your kitchen cabinet will soon be on its way to you.

Nathaniel Spear
President

BIG FREE BOOK!

Thousands of Other Wonderful Bargains in Home Furnishings

Furniture		Lace Curtains
Sewing-Machines		Lamps
Silverware		Rugs
Guns	Stoves	Portieres
Ranges	Dishes	Clocks
Springs	Jewelery	Go-Carts
Bedding	Watches	Carpets
Linoleum		Mattresses
Refrigerators		Cooking Utensils
Washing-Machines		
Bicycles, Victrolas, etc.		

My big book contains thousands of wonderful bargains—all offered at savings of from 20 to 40%. Your copy is here, ready to be sent you at once. The coupon, or a post-card brings it immediately, absolutely free.

Order All you Want—Pay Later

Everything offered on the most liberal credit—longest time to pay. No matter how much or how little you need, order whatever you want, pay later a little each month while you enjoy the things in your home.

30 Day Trial on Everything

Order anything you want and use it for 30 days at my risk. If you like it, keep it—otherwise return it and I will return immediately whatever money you have sent me and the transportation charges. Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed at all times. You take no chances whatever.

Simply fill in the coupon or send a post-card, ask for your big free book, sign your name and complete address. Your book will be sent you at once free and postpaid. Write now before you put this paper away!

Write for this Money-Saving Book at Once

Spear & Co.

Department C
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Home Furnishers for the People of America

Spear & Co., Dept. C, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sign here to order the Cabinet and FREE Catalog

Gentlemen:—Please send me at once Kitchen Cabinet Number J2815 illustrated and described above, for which I am enclosing $1.00, first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I decide to keep it, I will send you $2.50 monthly. Total price, $34.95. Please send me your big Free Catalog also.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

Sign here if you want the Free Catalog only

If you just want a copy of the big, new Spear book of bargains, fill in the blank lines below. Your book will be sent free and postpaid and you will be under no obligation whatever to order the Kitchen Cabinet. You merely get the free book.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....